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The Pendulum Swings, by James Rowland Angell, on page 1128

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME V — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1929 — NUMBER 48

In a Hard Age

WE were talking of the literature of futility, the fiction advertising the futility of life, of which today there seems to be an abundance. The mere record of certain ways of living, of the lives of the driven and unimaginative, furnishes plenty of material. Those whose main interest is in the recording of such lives, with their disheartening implications, are honest artists enough, but no more honest than those who would record lives of greater activity, of more color and energy. As to the misdirected energy of mankind, possibly most of it is misdirected, but it engenders all manner of exciting episode, today as yesterday. It engenders strange heroisms, fantastic braveries, passions half ridiculous and half heroic. The humorless miss many colors that are in the spectrum. The futilitarian often is merely overpowered by life through his own lack of vitality. Cataclysms come to all. Tragedy lies all around us. Life is shot through with the bitterest ironies. Yet human beings of average vitality rightly rebel on a bright morning against a wholly pessimistic point of view. Their mere animal vigor, perhaps, makes them sanguine, by fits and starts.

It is also true, however, that the most healthy minds can face hard facts, can absorb a great deal of comment upon the brutality and color of life. The average man faces his daily morning newspaper without many qualms. And if he truly brooded upon the meaning of the stories it relates he could hardly rise from his second cup of coffee to go about the day's affairs with gusto. For most things that are "news" are catastrophic things, and no one can comfort himself with the further reflection that they are "only in a book." They actually happened. There is nothing, in fact, in a book so vile that it might not actually have happened. Reality is wholly unconscionable. The average man knows it. And goes on about his excited dreams of wealth and power, mingled with other intentions of a finer grain. There is something admirable in the animalcule's continuing so to function,—though we attribute it merely to essential stupidity. Since the human race is, it would seem, inevitably to continue to have a future, it is a good thing that it continues to relish its existence.

We do not believe that the average man desires to be fed pap and sugar-water in his fiction. Nor, for that matter, that the average woman of today desires to read merely flowery romance. We do not believe that they abjure the literature of futility when it comes to them in stories they can recognize as authentic records of certain ways of living in certain strata of life. They can recognize authentic emotion, even if it is bitter. But what they do demand in the authors they read is the salience of individuality. A story dreary for the sake of dreariness, a work that is obviously the product of low vitality and merely maundering thought rouses their impatience. Most human beings are early acquainted with tragedy in some form. Most bear inner wounds. And the unstricken average demands as much hardiness from the author it peruses as it possesses himself.

We are, of course, making a generalization. But we think it is a truer generalization than to say that the average reader desires to live his intellectual life like a syrup-fed invertebrate, though that view among the intelligentsia has been somewhat popular. Of course there is much desire for what has been loosely termed "the literature of escape," but it usually takes the form of wishing to be roused by tales of impossible heroisms and triumphs over crushing odds. Therefore the simon-pure futilitarian view of existence will never be swallowed by the multitude, perhaps because its five senses are too lively, and constantly stirring up vivid emotions. But the interplay of the senses and the emotions makes for the keenest relish of living. Ginger shall still be hot in the mouth. And life, after all, is "gingery." It is too full of clash and contrast, of the tragi-comic and the arousing and enraging, to be anything else. It is not merely stale, flat, and unprofitable. It has never seemed so to the greatest of our artists who have observed and pondered life most thoroughly, even though it be practically impossible, as the sage advised, to "see life steadily and see it whole."

Dawn Poem

By HILDEGARDE FLANNER

LISTEN—no more with willow-voice
Does owl, that feathered cat,
Prowling with eyes that wax and wane
Share darkness with the bat.
Listen— no more with stilly twist
Unwinding once and finished
Do trees flick down a leaf and stand
By one leaf more diminished.
All quiet noises done now, the roosters' blowing
Twice done, their dim horns laid by,
Listen—what lush and sun-going music
Leaps loud into the sky,
As birds shoot upward just released
From the deep coil of night,
And cannot quite come down, for earth
Has no pull upon delight.
Sky is the gravity toward which
A singing bird must drop,
While swift, too swift for any backward look
Day strips to brightness on the mountain top.

This Week

"Gladstone and Palmerstone."
Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT.

Making the Fascist State.
Reviewed by W. Y. ELLIOTT.

"The Lady of Laws."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.

"Molinoff."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"The Naked Year."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"The Social World of the Ants."
Reviewed by BEVERLEY KUNKEL.

"Bowery Murder."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"Our Changing Civilization."
Reviewed by HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

The Bowling Green
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"The Life of Charles M. Doughty."
Reviewed by EDWARD GARNETT.

St. Elmo and St. Twelvemo

By WILLIAM W. BREWTON

THE extent to which the notion about a "new South" is lately being carried is one of the most farcical exhibitions ever before the American people. If some of the new writings, novels, and "expert" books, were the sole sources of information available to altogether innocent persons knowing nothing of the country, the verdict that civilization in the South is an utterly new thing and that its citizens of today spring from a race of bigots and fools would be absolutely inescapable. Indeed, the entire *motif* of the recent wave of literature about the South is an "awakened," a "new-born" race. Currency for this literature is sought upon the representation that the South has at last emerged into a state which can be condoned by the remainder of the country—that there is something new under the sun with respect to that section. Of course the utter superficiality of the concept becomes apparent upon mere reflection that naturally there is a new South only in the sense that there is a new North, East, or West—as manifestly no one could reasonably charge lack of progress to any of the four sections. But what have we in this new flood of views? A southern statesman of today is spoken of as a man who is not a "fire-eater," as though that had anything to do with the merits of oratory; an industrial magnate is called an advocate of progress, as though the planters who established agriculture were not; a modernist preacher is alluded to as being without religious prejudice, as though that advanced anything derogatory to pulpit figures who were, by mere dint of personality and eloquence, men of real power.

* * *

However, the self-annihilation of these new works is their ludicrous notion about time, the age. That nature is no respecter of time, takes no notice of it, is never once seen. These books are pivoted upon the idea that greatness in 1928 not only is greater than greatness in 1828 or 1868, but that it necessarily does away with the latter. These writers think, their effusions indicate, that to discover a new order of things makes forever profitless the one which preceded it. And so they announce that the South is waking up, has at last gone to work, has "discovered herself." Of course this bunk couldn't be gotten over save for the modern psychology that anything, to be good, has got to be new; and this psychology, refusing to think for itself, accepts announced discoveries as discoveries in fact.

Merit, then, not being conditioned by its date, comparisons of the excellencies of today with those of years gone by in the South open up a very interesting field; but the space available for this subject being limited, we must confine ourselves to a single field. What of the literature produced in the South one and two generations ago as compared with that of today? Corra Harris says that the "mythical 'Dixie' of romance has passed away along with a certain class of fiction, based on tears, pride, and poverty"; that in fact it never existed; that up to 1900 southern writers wrote "absurd stuff, even when it was all done," to please the North; and that she has "always regarded the novels southerners wrote during this period as the very 'jokers' in the deck of American literature."

Mrs. Harris is one of those who welcome the evolution of the novel out of pedantry into simplicity; but what of the price that has been paid? Have we gained or lost? Was the pedantry we

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lost merely that of sham, pretense, and affectation; and is the simplicity we have gained simply the simplicity of the simpleton? What matter was embedded within the pedantic form which has disappeared with it; and what compensation, either of dignity or force, has arisen to replace it? It was Edgar Allan Poe, father of American literary criticism, who held that a piece of good literature was "not altogether so simple a thing as a sonnet by Mr. Solomon See-saw"; and it was he also who declared that the most exalted literary attribute was imagination. That decaying, he held, poetry were stricken from her pedestal and prose denied her perfection.

It would seem that the determining point were whether the writing belonged to the writer; that is to say, whether it were original and therefore a contribution, an addition, to the sum of literature. If so, Poe's test is very much in order, for it does not require argument to convince that A is unable to use the imagination of B. Therefore if we have imagination, we have originality. If this imagination be embellished with scholarship, if altogether original ideas, constructions, *motifs* are carried by a vehicle of learning, the result is simply the extra, the added attainment of dignity and force—pedantry only to him who would confine learning to the pedants.

There is no truer type of the literature to which Mrs. Harris refers, and to which modern critics have so frequently alluded disparagingly, than the novels of Augusta Evans Wilson. The wide vogue which these had during the last half of the last century—and a half century of vogue would be today beyond the wildest dreams of the most ambitious fiction writer—makes them important, their romantic province and tone to the contrary notwithstanding. All thinkers recognize that romance and realism are mere terms of adaptation, and it was no less a celebrity than Ibáñez who declared, on a tour of America in 1920, that it was almost an invariable rule that the two succeeded each other punctually every decade. Mrs. Wilson's most celebrated work was "St. Elmo" (1866). The execution of the theme was altogether original. Warfare between [illegible]ocence and guilt, the latter fortified by profound [illegible]rning, the former relying upon its own inherent [illegible]ngth, each alternately aided and defeated by [illegible]e, made a story of almost universal appeal, and there is little wonder that it still is read in thousands.

* * *

However, if such conflict interwoven with love must make a book a melodrama, it yet remains to be seen whether life to the author, the real life around her, were not melodrama, too, when read about in books. Born in Columbus, Georgia, May 8, 1835, the oldest child in a family of eight, Augusta was a mere child when her father moved to Alabama, and still quite young when the family moved on to San Antonio, just at the close of the Mexican War. Almost from her own experiences, she wrote "Inez, a Tale of the Alamo," when only fifteen years old. It was issued to a large demand by Harper & Brothers several years after its completion. The next book was "Beulah," some four years later. The family had moved to Mobile when the Civil War began, and while nursing wounded Confederates at "Camp Beulah," named for her book, she wrote "Macaria," which she dedicated to the soldiers of the South. Though it was first published in Richmond by a bookseller, who had the work printed in South Carolina, "on coarse Confederate paper," Miss Evans (this was before her marriage) desired a New York edition. It was necessary to run the blockade with the work, which was done by sending it via Havana. In Kentucky, however, a Federal officer seized every copy which could be found of the Confederate edition and had it burned. A copy of this edition fell into the hands of a Northern publisher, who brought out an edition on his own account, declaring, however, that he "would never pay a royalty to so arch a rebel." At the instance of the house of Lippincott & Derby, he finally agreed to give the author a small percentage.

In the retreat of General Joseph E. Johnston's army from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a southern soldier's life was saved by a copy of "Macaria." The story goes that this soldier was reading the book by campfire, when called into action suddenly. He placed it in the inside pocket of his gray coat. It received a bullet meant for his heart, and to convince his fellows of the truth of the story he would later exhibit the volume with the lead deeply embedded in the thick paper. And then there is the quite celebrated incident about the Taj Mahal, which the novelist had used so effectively in "St. Elmo." In 1891 a tourist found a Parsee boy reading, almost in the very shadow of that great monument, a copy of the London edition of Mrs. Wilson's "Vashti."

Two years following the first edition of "St. Elmo" there appeared the parody, "St. Twelvemo" (or "St. Twel'mo"), a name adapted from the duodecimo size of the original, by a New York journalist, Charles Henry Webb, who had become somewhat noted for burlesque dramas, the establishment of a newspaper in the "wilds" of California, and the invention of an adding machine. The very ingenuity of the caricature seems to have enhanced the popularity of its subject, however, and there are publishers today in New York who speak of "the tremendous vogue" of "St. Elmo" and the Wilson novels which followed it, particularly "Vashti" (1869), "Infelice" (1875), and "At the Mercy of Tiberius" (1887), the last named having been, according to report, the author's favorite among her own works. The *motif* sought to be made the butt of jest by Webb—the determination of the hero and heroine to "conquer" each other—is the one which the critics and novelists of today have seized upon in making up their verdict of melodrama; but in so doing most of them, by comparison with Mrs. Wilson, have reduced themselves to "St. Twelvemos." That is to say, in their assumption that the vital forces and indestructible emotions, employed by Mrs. Wilson and clothed in a learned dress, are to the modern reader only so much bunk, these latter-day writers have laid themselves open to the more blasting charge of inanity and ephemerality, certain to come with the swinging back of the pendulum to romance. Because, as a matter of fact, that very realism, of which most modern novelists are boasting, is not as real as was Mrs. Wilson's romanticism. There is, and in the nature of things can be, nothing closer to life than its most fundamental fears, struggles, revenges, inner triumphs, idealisms; whereas most of the so-called realisms of today are founded upon the machine-made interests, and these naturally stay with us just a short time. In other words, if Augusta Evans Wilson is out of date today, after a vogue of fifty years, the bulk of the modern novels are out of date almost before the publishers can run off a second edition, keeping pace with the movies. Besides all that, Mrs. Wilson, Marie Corelli—and, yes, George Eliot, the most "pedantic" of the lot,—having utilized all these various feelings and having employed scholarship in their interpretations, have the advantage of really wide appeal when the pendulum does go back, to say nothing of their appeal right now. They will be read again and again, by one reader for one thing, another reader for another.

This takes us back to the generalization with which this essay began. The South has maintained her idealism solely because of her conviction that it is a more durable thing than machine-made fancy. What former great minds achieved is revered solely on account of its enduring quality, and with full recognition of the fact that the date of the achievement has nothing to do with it.

A Dual Autobiography

GLADSTONE AND PALMERSTON; being the Correspondence of Lord Palmerston with Mr. Gladstone, 1851-1865. Edited with an Introduction and Commentary by PHILIP GUEDALLA. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT
Harvard University

WHEN, some twenty-five years ago, John Morley published his "Life of Gladstone" he noted in its preparation between two and three hundred thousand papers, chiefly from the papers at Hawarden; and he noted, as well, the "legion of Gladstone's correspondents" who had favored him with several thousands of other pieces. Upon that all but inexhaustible mine of material Mr. Guedalla has now drawn for this present contribution—upon that and the Broadlands Papers whence he derived his "Life of Palmerston." To the letters themselves he has added an Introduction—in italics—and nearly eight pages of introductory Commentary. And from these the reader may derive at least two conclusions beside what he may gather from the papers themselves.

The first is that Mr. Guedalla's education—if one may presume—is progressing, together with his critical capacity and quality. For, after some rather caustic comments on the "pot of paste, some scissors, and a few mild regrets" as "an inadequate equipment" for a certain type of modern biographer, he goes on to another of more immediate interest. "Its masters," he says,

> whose deftness compels our admiration, rarely admit the necessity for more than a hasty glance at the best-known published authorities upon their subject before embarking, for our pleasure, upon their gay, inimitable comments. Their documentary foundation is often absurdly slight; and one may well fear for the future of edifices, however graceful, reared upon such slight foundations, when the harsh winds of scholarship begin to blow. It is in vain to answer that our generation has reclaimed the realm of biography for literature. For the Muse was scarcely absent when Macaulay wrote the biographical essay or Morley and Rosebery the more extended Life.

How, then, shall we approach the problem of "modern" biography? Mr. Guedalla's formula is here presented. It is to write a one-volume life, as he has done; then publish the letters and papers more or less *in extenso*, with appropriate comments, as he does here. It does not appear from this just why he has, as it were, begun at this precise period; nor why he should have confined himself to the Gladstone-Palmerston letters, unless—horrid thought!—it is in some way related to the fact that here are two names to conjure with, that, to look at the matter with the clear untroubled eye of the publisher, they will help to sell the book. Also—and this is not without its interest—it gives a noble opportunity to produce a contrast between two men of such a difference as would have delighted Plutarch, and so provide occasion for a clever introductory essay. Nor is the period less happy; for it is, as the jacket takes pains to reveal, that of "fourteen turbulent years." Such is the formula; and it is a good one. Two eminent men, whose names are eminently well known; a rather exciting period; a brilliant contrast of character; an interesting style—and thus properly sponsored the reader may be tempted even to read some of the letters. It is, we are told, "in effect, a kind of dual autobiography of two great statesmen, in their interactions at the very climax of their powers." And it is in one volume, not six.

It is a good book. The introduction is [illegible] the commentary is interesting reading; the l[illegible] useful and informing, and the whole is in [illegible] modern manner. One need not repeat the somewhat grandiloquent dithyrambics of certain reviewers who have all but damned it with too-fulsome praises. The worst thing about it is what some of them have said about it; for it is better than its praises. It is like a fishing-line. It has the cork of Mr. Guedalla's lively style to keep it afloat; it has the sinker of the solid material of the letters to keep it steady, and it has the bait of interesting material to attract the reader; and it may be hoped that it will catch a good many.

So far as its actual contribution to knowledge is concerned, it is, in fact, rather as illumination and illustration of characters and events than as *bahnbrechendes Werk* that it must be evaluated; and it lacks some of the elements of the "modern manner." It has few or no "revelations"; it does not shock; it has no "indiscretions," and it has none of that "sex appeal" which is so characteristic of some of our most acclaimed writers of "biography" today. (One must, perforce, put that sort of "biography" in quotation marks.) It is in short, good work, well and entertaingly done; and it may be hoped that its success may tempt Mr. Guedalla further along the same road, and its readers to follow him. From him, among many who have essayed to catch the public eye, we have the most to hope at this moment, for that junction of sound scholarship and lively style from which alone may come what may be permanent of the "New History."

George Bernard Shaw's new political comedy, "The Apple Cart," was given its world premiere in Warsaw recently under its Polish title, "Wielki Kram."

The latest addition to the Shavian repertory was warmly welcomed in Poland by a brilliant first night audience composed of members of Parliament, the Diplomatic Corps, society people, and artists and authors. President Masaryk was among the prominent political personalities in the audience who saw themselves satirized in the inimitable Shavian manner. The play is an exposure of political quackery. The scene is laid in England. The action takes place in a Utopian future.

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Fascism

MAKING THE FASCIST STATE. By HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $5.

THE NEW FASCIST STATE. By EDWIN WARE HULLINGER. New York: Rae D. Henkle Co., Inc. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by W. Y. ELLIOTT

Harvard University

IT is clear, if printer's ink is an index, that Mussolini is the master advertising genius of our times. These two books that are added to the flood of print about Fascism have very different claims to attention. The first is the work of a disciple of John Dewey, a serious and painstaking scholar, who as a Fellow of the National Social Science Research Council spent a year in Italy trying to run down all the strands that had gone into the ideas and practice of Fascism. It is easily the most complete account of Fascist doctrines and institutions now available in English. The second is the popularly conceived and easily written contribution of a professional lecturer and journalist, superficially clear, and not wanting in interesting observations. The two works hardly move in the same plane. The first is a serious piece of scholarship and deserves serious criticism. Mr. Schneider carefully lists most of the writers in Italy who have contributed to Fascist literature—so carefully and exhaustively, indeed, and with such a wealth of quotations, that the eye grows tired of searching for a woods among all this cluttered underbrush. Mr. Hullinger hardly knows one tree from another.

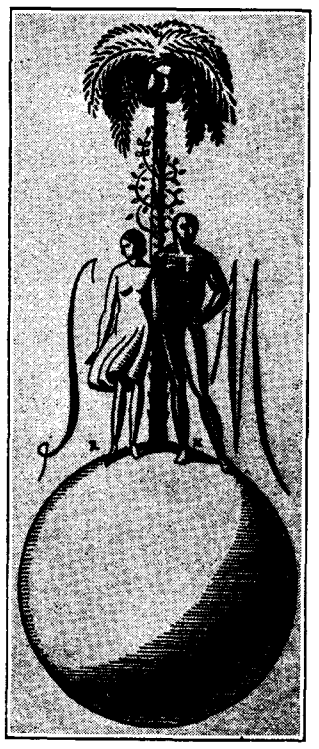
* * *

Mr. Schneider, like a good pragmatist, shuns a generalization as if it might be the evil spirit and remains so "objective" in his attitude that he rarely, if ever, permits himself the luxury of a judgment. He does show now and then a hint of cynicism in the best *New Republic* manner. Mr. Hullinger, on the contrary, is very pontifical, full of unction, and compact of little except generalizations and judgments, all of them facile and none of them strik-
. His book has the sole merit of being
nderstand by persons not so steeped in
rature as Mr. Schneider, and of being a
compact form of some of the outstanding characteristics of Mussolini and of the new Italy which Mussolini is trying to create in his own image. There are some travelogue scenes from Tripoli, the usual uncritical acceptance of the Fascist claims of material blessings through "discipline" and a new national spirit. Although Mr. Hullinger at one point calls Fascism only a glorified Boy-Scout movement, he finds that it is sufficiently glorified to be taken seriously, chiefly because it has restored Italian pride. Fascism is in a fair way to settle the Roman question with the papacy, it has increased Italy's prestige abroad, although at some cost in increasing the danger of war; it has put woman in her place as a mother and housekeeper again; but it has so far signally failed to lift Italian literature and art out of the doldrums, in spite of Futuristic fulminations. In fact, the exile of several notable leaders and the enforced silence of others has laid a pall over the freedom essential to creative activity, Mr. Hullinger thinks. He wishes, however, to reassure tourists that in spite of the fact that Italy now works hard, "the spirit of the fiesta" is scrupulously maintained "by order" for tourist consumption. The big church holidays are "bigger and better" than ever, even though Fascists forbade masks for some years during the pre-Lenten carnival season—as a precautionary measure!

Mr. Schneider although he seems to accept almost as much of Fascist claims as does Mr. Hullinger, is not concerned with either the general psychological setting of the Italian national temperament, or, curiously enough for a pragmatist, even with the economic aspects of Fascism. He chronicles Congresses faithfully, traces programs, but with hardly a mention of figures in the background like the Banca Commerciale, Signor Volpi, the militarists, and the big industrialists. There is no effort to appraise the degree to which the Fascists were manipulated in the early days or to determine the realistic incidence of their present control of the state in taxes, subsidies, wage controversies, and the like. Financial mysteries are equally shunned. There is a plethoric citation of sources for ideas which flowed into the Fascist torrent, but the main channel of the stream as a political and particularly an economic movement has hardly been charted, even in terms of ideas. The "organic" functional state of Fascism wants critical analysis far more than does the exposition of Fascist ideology, of which even the daily press is full.

On the whole, though, Mr. Schneider has presented a most useful and well-sifted collection of Fascist doctrines and of the persons and incidents with which these doctrines were linked. He expounds the ideas at length even though he thinks they were merely useful rationalizations of Fascist opportunism. He thinks them important only as pathological symptoms, although he never suggests what normality would be.

As the book was obviously written by a philosopher it is hardly fair to accuse it of neglecting or ignoring the historical continuity with past Italian development of many of the problems and institutions under discussion, or of an unfamiliarity with the juridical aspects of the Fascist state which have recently been so brilliantly traced by Professor Francesco Luigi Ferrari of Louvain, in "Le Régime Fasciste Italien" (Paris, 1928). It is no slight thing simply to have run down so many of the confused sources of Fascist ideas.



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Since Mussolini has been the touchstone of the application of these ideas it would have given some unity to this ideological exposition to have studied more carefully Mussolini's thinking which is singularly like Dewey's own pure Instrumentalist doctrines, with perhaps a more "hard-boiled" morality of force, and with a more operatic and heroic temperament in the protagonist. Indeed the Fascist State is founded on the tests that Pragmatic Instrumentalism has insisted upon: "efficient" functional adjustment to the social context without any scruples about the "alleged" moral rights of personality. Perhaps this accounts for a complaisance toward Fascist methods manifest enough in Mr. Schneider's account.

It may be that in not going to any degree outside Italian literature Mr. Schneider has missed some points of real importance. He has not taken the broad hint that Mussolini himself has given about Fascists learning from "the real masters" in Russia. Yet Fascist methods of party organization, of suppressing opposition, of recruiting from youthful "advance guards," of maintaining a party militia, of state educational regimentation, and of utilizing a Platonic control by means of social "myths," all owe a great deal, and obviously, to the Bolsheviks, to whom Mussolini has some real spiritual kinship, by way of origins as well as of temperament. Sorel would have admired both, and to both he was a spiritual father.

Nor is there any consideration of the anti-Fascist press like *La Liberta* published by the Parisian anti-fascist exiles or of the critical writings of foreign critics (and Italians) on the economic situation, like the work of Silvio Trentin on "L'Aventure Italienne, Legendes et Réalities," to say nothing of the more objective and rich German literature on Fascism. But it was not Mr. Schneider's aim to evaluate, and he is apparently trustful enough to accept the material available under Fascist censorship for his facts.

The main conclusions are, as nearly as one can find them, that Mussolini has taught Italy to live dangerously and in a state of perpetual exaltation; that he has successfully kept his contacts with the powerful currents of feeling which grew from national pride and from the new sense of energy that made young Italians after the war revel in "discipline" and in aping what Mussolini calls the "stern Roman virtues." As an exposition of currents in the Fascist stream, this is a book of great usefulness, particularly for its translations of documents in the appendices. As a critical study it is lacking in breath of perspective and in acquaintance with other works and facts from those presented by Italians living under the shadow of Fascism.

Like any book on Fascism it suffers from the extreme mobility of its protagonists. Rossoni, the head of the Fascist syndicates, who seemed in Mr. Schneider's account to have carried a great part of his program of national syndicalism into effect in the new corporative state, is now relegated, like so many others, to a temporary discard, with his syndicates reorganized and his paper suspended. Whether this means a shift back toward Benni and the industrialists, away from temporizing with "labor leaders," it is hard to say. Even after the New Grand Council, quite different from the one which Mr. Schneider describes, has been chosen, it will be hard to tell. For Il Duce follows the advice to Il Principe: he "rotates" the figure nearest to him in the public eye, with an eye to the perpetual monopoly of the spotlight! Farinacci, de Bono, Federzoni, Volpi, Rossoni, all the heirs apparent and the potential rivals go the same route into at least temporary oblivion, for "discipline's sake."

She Walks in Beauty

THE LADY OF LAWS. By SUSANNE TRAUTWEIN. Translated from the German by HERBERT E. PALMER and LESLIE W. CHARLEY. New York: Elliot Holt. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

IN turbulent Bologna, in the morning of the Italian Renaissance, Susanne Trautwein l laid the story of a singularly lonely a spiritual life. Olimpia di Porta Ravegnar daughter of Giacomo, famous lecturer on the ci law at the great medieval university of Bologna, is conceived as one of those early feminists of fifteen century Italy who contributed no little to the intellectual eminence of the age. Abandoning the paths trodden by women of her day she devotes her powers to the exposition of that clear, noble wisdom which her father served, and her life to a calm piety of her own devising. But life in the Italian Renaissance rarely supported tranquillity. The victim of an obscure assault, Olimpia bears a nameless child; and among the civic brawls and revolutions she is led to oppose the victorious tyrant and reduced to extreme peril. The preservation of a fine inner poise, of a delicately balanced yet invulnerable personal integrity, amid social convulsions and the disintegration of general moral standards, and in the face of inner spiritual trials and temptations, is the theme of this remarkable novel.

The dramatic contrast between Olimpia's inner unity and calm and the violence and cynical corruption of her surroundings makes the setting of the Italian Renaissance no mere theatrical decor but a vital part of the organism of the novel. Miss Trautwein belongs to that new school of German historical novelists among whom Lion Feuchtwanger is perhaps the most notable. She need yield to none of them, remarkable as their recent work has been, in the power and insight of her historical reconstruction. The blood-stained pageantry of the city republics, the terrible desolation of the country-side, the strange cosmopolitan aspect of that unique university city, Bologna, Mother of Laws, and the changeless, sun-browned landscape of the Romagna are all presented with a clarity and intensity of vision, a vigor, and a steadiness that achieve a stirring synthesis of the historical imagination. The rapid incidents have the very tempo of that riotous, luxuriant life that pulsates in the pages of Cellini and Matarazzo. Sfiga, the inept conspirator, the unsuccessful condottiere, Lambertazzi, the tyrant, powerful and unscrupulous, Guittone, the Florentine minor poet, Stefano, the ruffianly page, have all the actual blood of Renaissance Italy in their veins, its salty speech in their mouths.

But what will remain longest with the reader is the character of the Lady of Laws, Olimpia di Porta Ravegnana. Her problem and her solution

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have that universal human pertinence which transcends history. And for our time, any effort to maintain inviolate a high personal standard of conduct in the midst of a general collapse of standards has a particular pertinence. Olimpia commands our sympathy and inspires our admiration as one who carries a precious fragile vase in precarious security across a torrent: a journey which all of us must attempt who can aspire to her courage. Miss Trautwein has illumined her story with a brooding piety, a lambent mysticism which have nothing to do with conventional religiousness; she has touched it with a pity and an understanding without scorn and without weakness. It is a notable and satisfying creation. Miss Trautwein's prose has a lucid loveliness rare even among the present generation of German stylists; her translators have been skilful and sympathetic, and, although one may reasonably object to the rendition of an Italian "palazzo del popolo" into English as "Burgher-House," their work is, considering the idiomatic tenseness of the syntax with which they had to reckon, very nearly faultless.

Gay Mockery

MOLINOFF, or The Count in the Kitchen. By MAURICE BEDEL. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IN the essay on the Comic Spirit, Meredith gave English literature the classic definition of something of which English literature furnishes almost no examples. Meredith's malicious and beneficient dæmon, who pricks every blister of folly and prunes away every excess, derives his piercing power from logic; and English humor, like everything else that is English, is gloriously illogical. Shakespeare in making Falstaff, Dickens in making Mr. Pickwick, are not endeavoring to improve the world by curing elderly English gentlemen of folly; they are improving the world by pouring such folly into it. For the true Meredithian satiric comedy, "formed to delight at once and lash the age" we must go to France, to Molière, to "Molinoff."

In "Molinoff, or The Count in the Kitchen," the author of "Jerome, or The Latitude of Love" shows the same gaiety, wit, and charm that delighted the critics in his earlier novel, and the same satire that is not less keen for being so delicate. The opening scenes are laid in the household of a *bourgeois gentilhomme* new style. The old new rich made themselves ridiculous by buying historic estates and trying to remodel themselves into historic families; the new rich make themselves still more ridiculous by buying historic estates and remodeling the estates into cosmopolitan casinos. Nothing of this escapes M. Bedel: there is a triumph of mockery by mere implication in his account of the reception given by his plutocrat for which he orders from a super-caterer "a dethroned king, a maharajah, members of the Spanish nobility and of the Hungarian Jockey Club, the Ambassador Plenipotentiary from Macedonia, and a handful of French marquis and counts, whose titles were guaranteed," being completely ignorant that his dowdy neighbors bear some of the oldest names in France.

But excess may be upon either side, as Molière and the logical French perceive, which is one reason why "Le Misanthrope" is a better play than "The Plain Dealer." The dowdy, long-descended neighbors are themselves as funny in their own way as the banker in his, and M. Bedel sketches them with the same delicate cruelty. They are obsessed with Royalism, and talk of nothing but the Pope's condemnation of the Royalist cause; after a further reverse, one of them says, "It almost seems as if God were on the side of the Pope, does it not, Cardinal?" Between these two circles Count Molinoff leads a cinematographic double life, cook in the one, guest of honor in the other, and provides a farcical plot for the background of high comedy.

At only one point does M. Bedel break with the traditional of Molière. He would surely have brought his lovers together for the curtain, but M. Bedel is so afraid of sentimentalism that he goes out of his way to be unkind. But except for the last chapter, "Molinoff" is one of the very few books to be both thoroughly sophisticated and thoroughly light-hearted. A delicious book.

The World Congress of Librarians has just been held in Rome with some of the most widely known librarians of the United States in attendance. Premier Mussolini delivered the inaugural address.

A Nightmare Period

THE NAKED YEAR. By BORIS PILNYAK. Translated from the Russian by ALEC BROWN. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE author of "The Naked Year" was twenty-three when the Bolsheviks seized power. He is one of those younger members of the Russian intellegentsia who has "accepted" the Revolution—has remained in Russia, that is to say, and become, in revolutionary slang, a "fellow-traveller," without becoming a Communist or taking any active stand for or against the events in which he has been whirled.

Any sensitive and thinking Russian, now in his middle thirties, who has weathered such an experience, has, naturally, lived through a terrific mental and emotional strain. He has been pounded by war, revolution, civil war, terror, famine, and breathed an air in which values of all sorts were constantly changing and which was nearly always tense with uncertainty and fear. As a "fellow-traveller" up to a certain point, he can not have escaped the contagion of the Revolution's fresh strength and idealism; as a political outsider, he must have wallowed desperately, from time to time, in horror, disillusion, and despair.

Small wonder, then, that "The Naked Year" written in the midst of the famine and published in '22, should be "queer"—bizarre in manner; without a center of gravity, taking and leaving the Revolution, so to speak, in the same breath. Imagine the difficulties, for example, of an artist writing both in and of that more or less nightmare atmosphere, and for an audience before whom he might scarcely let himself yield too frankly even to the harmless blandishments of a sunny day without an apology, expressed or implied, for his "petit bourgeois lyricism."

Part of the craziness of "The Naked Year" is doubtless conscious and intended—a young writer following local literary fashions and trying to express himself in new forms. But more of it, one suspects, reflects the subjective uncertainties and flounderings inevitable in the circumstances.

Briefly, what Pilnyak appears to be trying to do, is to give the "feel" of Russia itself in that hideous naked year, when, as one of the characters in the narrative puts it, human beings lost hope and faith in that which heretofore had supported them at the same time that nature herself shrunk into indifference and sterility. There is no plot, in the ordinary sense, but a variety of tentative and potential plots, "intersecting planes," which aim to show how the Revolution worked on all sorts of lives. Sometimes the individuals and the course of action which seems planned for them, move in the ordinary way, but scarcely has the reader become interested when the whole design disintegrates, kaleidescope-wise, and later, perhaps, reforms again. Bits of affectionate feeling for Russia—the nostalgic sadness of its plains, mists gathering on the river bottoms, the old-fashioned belief in the wisdom of the simplest people, "ancient, our own, and beautiful"—bits as "bourgeois" as Turgeniev—are interspersed with, or dispersed by, savage shots of sex; stylistic eccentricities; the attempt to be swift, strong, ruthless, in the new way.

One can explain, as aforesaid, but can scarce escape being irritated, and the irritation is sharpened, if anything, by a certain revolutionary preciousness in the translator. The book is not work of the first class, but is decidedly worth reading, and reveals very real talent. It will be looked back to, probably, as much for what it doesn't say, for its indirect reflection of the nightmare psychology of the time, as for its objective story.

The Life of the Ants

THE SOCIAL WORLD OF THE ANTS. By AUGUSTE FOREL. Translated by C. K. OGDEN. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1929. 2 vols. $15.

Reviewed by BEVERLEY KUNKEL
Lafayette College

IF Forel's spirit and philosophy of life are the result of his long and devoted study of the ants, the most useful step for our modern society to take would be the general study of these insects, especially by those who essay to direct our social life and shape our national policies.

At the age of eleven, a copy of Huber's classic volume of the habits of the native ants was presented to Forel. He fairly devoured it, and when he found that he had already made an observation which had escaped the notice of the author whom he so greatly admired, he vowed to himself to become the historian of the ants and pursue the task all the days of his life. On his eightieth birthday this English translation of his *magnum opus* was put into his hands.

The spirit pervading the work is best expressed in the author's own words: "All that man knows and all that he can know about the world which lies around him and from which he issues is revealed to him, not by a God whom he can never know, but through the mediation of the sensations which he owes to his sense organs." He does not regard the ants simply as machines nor would he lead any one to think that scientific inductions are based on the ultimate nature or essence of the objects in question. "Let us learn to be content with the relations between this self of ours . . . and the external world surrounding us . . . Let us imitate the ants of a single polycalic formicary; we shall then become more modest and sociable throughout the entire world by the federation of all peoples."

Except for his occasional brief references to human relations, revealing most delightfully the author's personality, the 996 pages of these volumes are almost exclusively records of facts, for Forel tells us that "genuine science teaches us to avoid premature generalizations from particular observations as we would fire."

The ants include some 7500 different species, races, and varieties, and exhibit the most varied relationships with other kinds of animals as well as with plants and other ants. This is not the place in which to attempt an enumeration of these ways of living, but the reader may be reminded that some species of ants tolerate other species in their nests apparently without paying the slightest heed to one another, while other species carry on the most sanguinary wars with enemy ants, and still others steal the eggs of different species which they bring into their nests and rear to maturity when they assume the arduous activities necessary for the continued life and health of their masters. At the same time the masters cease to produce the worker caste and become quite dependent on an alien species for their existence. Still other species capture and tend insects which yield secretions which form the sole food of the ants, and others bring bits of fresh leaves into their nests which they infect with certain molds. These are treated by the ants in such a way that they develop abnormal growths not known under other circumstances which form the sole article of diet of the ants.

Besides the varied social relations of ants with other species, the author discusses very fully the habits and reactions of ants to stimuli and the social life within the single colony. In this particular field in which it is so easy to attribute human mentality to the ants, Forel is most careful to avoid this pitfall and contents himself simply with the facts which have been observed and which are in terms of the activities of the insects themselves. It is in this respect that the present work will probably serve for many years as a source of facts for other myrmecologists, even as Darwin's "Origin of Species" still is referred to for the facts of natural history gathered from all fields in that work.

The ordinary reader will not find this work easy reading. The chapters on anatomy and classification will prove especially difficult because of the necessity of referring to many species which must remain to most of us who do not collect ants simply as names. In this connection, too, it might be said that it would prove a great convenience, if the reference to figures and plates could include the page when the reference is not adjoining the figure.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....***Contributing Editor***
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....***Publisher***

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, *President*; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 5. No. 48.
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The Bowling Green

OUR cheerful correspondent F. H. P. is highly amused because a little one-act play of ours called *East of Eden* was solemnly banned by the British Lord Chamberlain. He writes:—

Some guys just have all the luck. Brer Mencken went all the way to Boston to cast himself before a bush league court, and you sit quietly at home and catch a gorgeous Foreign Functionary.

And with what serpentlike wisdom the Lord Chamberlain declines to accompany his decrees with reasons. We don't do that sort of thing in so grandiosely impersonal a way and hence we appear fussy, rather than like Joves touched with senility. We are doubtless too earnest in doing good. For example, Mr. Bryan lived to see many of his emotions transmuted into statutes—but not laws. It is around this "but" that the Crime Commission's problems center.

Police power is a dangerously flexible term and its excessive use has caused auto-intoxication in many governments. That the race has outlived, and will outlive, many states is unknown, it seems, to many of our best minds to whom the garment is more real than its wearer.

As Arnold Bennett says, one of the defects of the Anglo-Saxon temperament is a passion for interfering with other people's tastes.

But—to have an August Official shoot at your butterfly with a 16-inch gun—

One way for reasonable people to celebrate this summer's vacation is to get hold of a copy of a very fine pamphlet by G. M. Trevelyan, called *Must England's Beauty Perish?* It is published in London by Messrs. Faber and Faber, 24 Russell Square, W. C. 1. It will strike at the heart of those who have ever had an opportunity to know and love the extraordinary and almost painful beauty of rural England. If I think back over my reasons for being grateful to chance, one of the best of them is that as boy and student, in days before the War, I bicycled literally thousands of miles on English byways. And not only in England, but in France and Germany also. In America, where our whole feeling and instinct for landscape is on a different scale, where the mood of European village or vista is little known, we have taken almost for granted the cruel blight that mechanical civilization casts on country loveliness. But in England thoughtful men have grown desperately anxious about it, and Professor Trevelyan's fine appeal deserves the widest possible hearing and support.

Americans especially have always had a traditional tenderness for England's wizard spell. How often we have smiled to ourselves to hear our countrymen, in the boat train from Southampton to London for the first time, exclaiming with ecstasy over idiosyncrasies that are familiar enough to the old traveller—thatched roofs with mosses and flowers on them, or the different shape of trees. One of the educations that sensible people are intended to have in this surprising planet is a laboratory course in English Villages and Gardens. Those who are going to have it this year should provide themselves with Professor Trevelyan's pamphlet. It is an appeal for the work of the British National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, and appends a fascinating map and list of properties all over England which the Trust has taken in charge to preserve from vulgarization or decay. The happiest vacation I can imagine would be to get on board a bicycle and visit them all.

One would gladly quote Professor Trevelyan's essay entire, which may not be. But a portion of it will be sufficient to give you something to think about the next time you are motoring out of town:—

A hundred years ago, just before the railway age began, this island was, almost all of it, beautiful, even more beautiful, perhaps, than it had been in its wilder state a thousand years farther back in time. For in 1829 our countryside was still the England of Turner and Constable, of Bewick and Wordsworth, of *Lavengro* and *Cobbett's Rides*. It was all good to look at, not least the "improvements" of the eighteenth century: the thatched and gabled houses, the cornfields, hedges, lanes, stone bridges, new plantations of oak and beech, all harmonized well together, and harmonized also with the wilder parts of the nature in which they were set, the still remaining wrecks of the old English forest, thicket, moorland, and marsh. For man's daily work still supplemented nature's, without those harsh contrasts of line and color to which we are to-day only too well accustomed. A new barn or a coach-house did not injure the landscape or the village street as an aerodrome or a petrol station is likely to do. To-day the old is almost identified in our thought and speech with the beautiful, and the new with the ugly. But before the age of machinery this was not so. It was only just beginning to be so a hundred years back. In 1829, except for a small area of industrial district of the latest type, the island was all of it beautiful. To-day it is beautiful in parts and ugly in parts, particularly in those parts where most people live. A hundred years hence there will be very little beauty left, unless by taking thought in time we provide otherwise.

The law of the machine age is inexorable, and if we allow it to operate everywhere uncontrolled, it will show us no pity. The law is that action taken for purely economic reasons no longer as of old creates new beauty, but destroys old beauty and substitutes modern ugliness. Our generation is placed under economic pressure to use the machines and methods which most rapidly destroy the lines of nature, and to employ materials that contrast harshly with nature's shapes and outlines. Concrete is cheaper than stone. A wire fence can be more quickly set up than a hedge or a stone wall. A curving road is regarded as a public nuisance because it impedes the pace of the motor. A bungalow or a red brick villa are more easily run up than a house of the old local material. Electric power marches across the country on poles that scrape the sky. It pays better to plant conifers than beech or oak—and so forth through innumerable instances.

I was thinking the other day what uncalculated and far-reaching effects a small inoculation of beauty may have. Between Roslyn and Westbury, Long Island, there is a high garden wall where the owner of the house has planted roses on the outside of the barrier. Every year at this time they swarm over the wall beside the road, the pleasure of every passer. More than once, when I happened to feel a bit grim about this or that, I have gone by there and concluded that things were better than I feared. Sometimes, thinking about Cotswold villages or cliffs in Normandy or the quiet sweetness of an old chateau in the Côte d'Or I tend to brood a bit on the furious ugliness and racket of much American life. When I feel like that the roses at Westbury are a comfort. And though they grow openly along the public way I don't believe they are ever despoiled.

Professor Trevelyan continues:—

We have turned every high-road into a locomotive racing track, and many are clamoring that every by-road and lane should be treated in the same way, that yet more beauty should be destroyed in order that speed may be increased. The growth of new industries in the rural districts of Southern England, though heartily to be rejoiced at, brings fresh danger to the delicate landscape of the South, even less able than the Northern moorlands to endure monstrous erections and excavations. The Victorians may have invented the "uses of advertisement," but they never carried them to the lengths of to-day. Our rural villages and much of our country landscape to-day glow with flaring advertisements and enamelled signs. *The proper place for advertisements is in the press.* Moreover, our Victorian grandfathers did not string out bungalows along the downs and hills and sea cliffs to anything like the same extent as we. They planted oaks and beeches; we cut them down and do not replant them. Our grandfathers did not, doubtless because they could not, send out hordes to the most secluded nooks of the island to root up the ferns and primroses wholesale, and sow the woodlands and heaths with paper and refuse. In the Victorian age the Philistine was preposterous enough in Gath and Askelon, but at least he abode in his cities, and the travellers could still safely walk by byways. But now—

What strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

In the ordinary course of things, unless other considerations prevail to regulate the process, the Road Board, the Local Authorities, the builders, the week-end villa dwellers, the manufacturers, the timber merchants and quarrymen, in the discharge of their duties and in the course of their legitimate trades and pleasures, will complete the destruction of old England and leave a mechanized landscape for our descendants. Our grandchildren may then go in motor cars or aeroplanes or whatever the latest means of locomotion may be, but they will find no beauty through which to drive, no unspoiled woodland or mountain haunt to visit at week-ends and holidays—unless we now determine otherwise and are wise in time.

I remember what was once a lovely road in Cornwall running between old Cornish banks of stone covered at Easter with primroses. A certain local authority there, in widening the road after the war, pulled down several miles of those banks on one side and replaced them by solid gray concrete, on which nothing can ever grow, a hideous profanation for all time to come. The pleasure in the drive is spoilt for miles.

Many other public bodies, in widening paths or bridges, small or great, have substituted and still substitute concrete walls or rail-posts for the beautiful old stone walls of the country. Others have acted with more consideration. These problems of road widening, bridge construction, town planning, building schemes of all sorts, are perpetually coming up before the local public bodies. So much depends on men and women of the right sort being elected to serve on them, and consenting to stand for election. Then and then only we shall get increasingly these questions for the preservation of beauty dealt with in the right spirit. Public bodies, I submit, are charged to preserve not only the public health but public amenities. Many of them know this and act on the principle. May their number increase. The powers that public bodies have to preserve amenities are being constantly increased by law, if only they would exercise these powers. Besides control over advertisements they now have considerable control of petrol pumps under the Petroleum (Consolidation) Act, 1928, Section II, which I commend to the notice of all interested in the esthetics of Filling-up Stations.

There is, here in New York, one specially interesting example of the vision of a great town-planner that was disregarded and is now forever impossible of full achievement. In 1824 Colonel John Stevens, the manorial proprietor of Hoboken, implored the City of New York to buy the whole Hoboken water-front to preserve it perpetually as a park and recreation ground for the public. Every visitor to New York in those days, even the acrid Mrs. Trollope, commented on the Elysian Fields as perhaps the most remarkable rural beauty adjacent to any great city. As Colonel Stevens wrote, "So easily accessible, and where in a few minutes the dust, noise, and bad smells of the city may be exchanged for the pure air, delightful shades and completely rural scenery, through walks extending along the margin of the majestic Hudson to an extent of more than a mile. The beauties of which may at a small expense be made to surpass everything of the kind to be found anywhere."

Think, added Colonel Stevens what such a park would mean to New York a hundred years hence. That would have been 1924. We *are* thinking.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Story With a Difference

THE BOWERY MURDER. By WILLARD K. SMITH. New York: The Crime Club. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. WILLARD SMITH is not satisfied to write a mere mystery story—and thereby, no doubt, reads himself out of membership in the sect of true believers to whom no mystery story is mere. But the first thing about "Bowery Murder" is that it is an excellent mystery that mystifies you, and holds your interest, to the very end. Thomas Woodward, who had just beggared thousands of speculators by doing something on the stock market when they had expected him to do something else, was the most hated man in New York. On the night after this spectacular feat of financial skulduggery he was murdered. Ten thousand people wished they had done it; half a dozen people were present when it was done; three of them in due course and one at a time, confessed to the murder. Who did it? There are the ingredients of a story that will keep you reading.

To those whose addiction to mystery stories is tepid or intermittent there will be deeper interest in other aspects of Mr. Smith's offering. The reader of the book gets it precisely as a newspaper reader would get it in real life—in a succession of newspaper stories, covering the whole field from the *Times* and the *Evening Post* to the tabloids and the blackmailing weeklies, complete with headlines, bylines, and the occasional interpretive editorial. On this extremely complicated structure Mr. Smith must have spent three quarters of the work that went into his novel; and it is largely a labor lost because only newspapermen will appreciate it. The general reader, in so far as an ex-newspaperman can conjecture his reaction, may find the story a little easier to follow in this familiar form than as a straight narrative, but he is not likely to care which paper sets forth each new development or what is the difference between them. Mr. Smith presumably did this for his own amusement, and former reporters will find it immensely interesting. In the main, too, it is admirably done; here and there the exigencies of his plot require him to put into newspaper stories details that the fear of libel would probably keep out, and it may be doubted if the editorial page of the *Evening Post*, even under the present ownership, would speak of "ruination" when ruin is meant. But in the main Mr. Smith acquits himself very well in this immense if rather supererogatory labor.

Of more enduring value is his picture of the actual conditions lying back of the investigation of a metropolitan murder mystery in which some of the figures have important political connections. His Inspector Carr who eventually unravels the mystery observes that the police in real life work from tips, not clues; as in fact they do. Not observation and deduction, but stool pigeons and the menace of the rubber hose, produce the larger part of our annual crop of detection and solution of crime. In this respect "Bowery Murder" is far afield from the ordinary mystery story, and very close to truth. It is almost perilously close to truth in its understanding of political backgrounds. If Mr. Smith talks in his sleep, some night he is going to tell the wrong person who killed Rothstein, and then the boys will take him for a ride.

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The Pendulum Swings

TO the casual observer, it may well appear that many of the leaders of higher education in the United States are engaged in a wild scramble to emulate the supposed procedure of the Oxford-Cambridge colleges, just as a generation ago they seemed to be equally intent upon adopting the ideals and methods of the German university. The programs of our educational conventions are replete with discussions of tutorial systems, of honors, methods, of comprehensive examinations, of residential house plans, and of all the other paraphernalia of the English college. Even the newspaper press interests itself in these questions, from which fact we may argue an appreciable popular interest. The so-called mass instruction methods of certain of the larger universities are pilloried in fine frenzy by impassioned orators and by supercilious essayists who are completely oblivious to, and probably ignorant of, the disquieting experimental and observational evidence suggesting that the virtues of the very small class have been much over-rated, or at least gravely misunderstood. This latest propaganda is generally conducted in a manner to spare our national pride by reason of its indisposition to acknowledge frankly the British origin of these devices which it promotes, and by its insistence that they are, of course, always modified to meet the peculiar genius of our people and our institutions, so that in effect they are original American procedures.

In a large sense, no doubt, our cultural antecedents, educational and otherwise, are all to be found in European institutions and ideals. Domestic self-esteem ought therefore not to be seriously wounded by any confession that this latest movement is highly imitative. But it is everywhere regarded as indiscreet to mention its English origin. And indeed, the most vocal of the present proponents rarely pause even to give Woodrow Wilson and Princeton credit for bringing the whole matter out of the realm of mere speculation and into that of actual practice.

* * *

It is not without interest that much of the same motive which instigated the earlier effort to emulate German ideals is now in evidence to remodel our colleges on English lines. It was impatience and disgust with the puerile schoolmasterly methods of the American college which impelled men—and especially those who had gone abroad and breathed deeply of the more inspiring atmosphere of the continental universities—to insist on the cultivation of more scholarly aims, of larger intellectual liberty of study, and far more drastic standards of accomplishment than those which were found in American institutions. With full acknowledgment of the many unhappy consequences of this Teutonizing movement, its frequent forgetfulness of the art of teaching, its over-emphasis upon degrees and the other conventional marks of academic achievement, its not infrequent distortion of the conception of research and its place in the American scheme of education, it nevertheless accomplished great things and set us well forward on our path. In all institutions ambitious of high academic repute, it sounded the knell of the teacher devoid of solid scholarly training. It stimulated tremendously the field of advanced studies and it created the so-called "graduate school"—a somewhat anomalous American invention, but one to which higher education in the United States is indebted for far the larger part of its substantial intellectual accomplishment in the last three or four decades.

All intelligent observers of American educational conditions are aware that the American universities, and particularly the American colleges, were not ripe for the complete assimilation of Germanic methods and ideals. In the first place, the German university could rest its training upon the solid foundation of the German gymnasium—an institution which still has no exact counterpart in the United States, and one which brought its students substantially up to the end of our second college year, with a training far more generally thorough and severe than that received in our academies, high schools, and early college years. To assume therefore, as was often done, that one could, with any great hope of general success, introduce at the mid-point of the college course the procedure and aims of the German university was itself to anticipate the miraculous. The movement to superimpose these methods on the graduate of the four year American college, upon his entrance into one of our graduate schools, was far more rational and has been much more successful. Indeed, where the collegiate training has been sound, this procedure has abundantly justified itself. But as time passed, it became increasingly obvious, and hardly less in those institutions which had gone furthest in adopting the principles of the German university, than in those which had clung tenaciously to the stereotyped routine methods of the earlier American college, that all was not well in our educational Zion. The graduates of our colleges were clearly, in many instances, devoid of any sound intellectual training in the mere processes of orderly thought, or in the exercise of mental initiative, and equally ill-equipped from the point of view of solid mastery of any appreciable body of intellectual material. The contrast in all these respects was most vividly sensed by the students themselves immediately upon their entrance into the stronger professional schools, where at once they found themselves subjected to demands of an altogether different order of severity from that of the college and with results which were often most revealing in the disclosure of tastes and abilities previously unsuspected, to say nothing of the tragedies precipitated when a youth, grown self-complacent by academic success too easily won, found himself cast out with the unscholarly refuse rejected by the professional school staff.

The swing of the pendulum which we are now observing toward the more individualistic methods of instruction peculiar to Oxford-Cambridge procedure, and the effort to see to it that the college graduate has faced and mastered some really solid body of well-knit and closely inter-related material as an evidence of his fitness to receive the bachelor's degree of his institution, and so to pass on either to the advanced work of the professions or to the immediate tasks of the business world—this effort really reflects, as indicated above, much the same educational ideal and intent which motivated the earlier Germanic movement. It is not dictated simply by a desire to promote scholarship merely as such, although that is no negligible part of its aim, but quite as much by a desire to make sure that the college and the university alike give to their students a sound and well-considered training, whose results for the strengthening of the fabric of a man's mind and character cannot be challenged.

How far these British methods will prove successful with American students under existing conditions, it is yet too early to predict. But there are certain obvious difficulties to be faced which will occur to anyone acquainted with the prevailing circumstances in our institutions of higher education.

* * *

The most serious obstacle to bringing these highly individualistic methods into general vogue—granting to them, for the sake of argument, all that their most enthusiastic proponents claim, a concession one could hardly make, if a final balance were at once to be struck—is the impossibility of finding the necessary number of competent teachers or tutors. Even under current conditions, and with methods which permit the frequent use of large lecture courses, it is well-nigh impossible to obtain in sufficient number men adequately trained, and especially men of proper personality, to carry on effectively the work of the various institutions. There are men who succeed well in teaching smaller groups, who are relatively unsuccessful in dealing with large classes, and the converse is true. It does not at all follow that men accustomed to the prevalent methods of classroom instruction can, or will, easily adjust themselves to tutorial methods. It is not so much that the one type of instructor is intellectually intrinsically superior to the other, it is rather a question of the psychology of the individual teacher. Many men are stimulated by the presence of a large class and produce results which are quite beyond those that they are normally capable of achieving when dealing either with small groups, or with individual students. The *tête-à-tête* type of situation is to some men distinctly inhibiting in its effect—and this is true of students as well as of instructors, but in the case of the instructor this circumstance is much more fatal for the success of the method as a general device. In other words, it would be quite impossible even with the best will in the world and with the universal desire to resort to tutorial methods, to secure promptly the necessary increase in teaching personnel to carry out this program in any general way. A few institutions have made a serious effort to adopt the plan on an appreciable scale, but they have found it hard to do.

A difficulty closely connected with the preceding and quite as grave in its consequences is the financial cost of these more individual systems of instruction, which obviously require more men to deal with any given number of students than do the methods now commonly prevalent. If they are to be successful at all, it can only be through the employment of men of real intellectual power and of attractive and forceful personality—men who cannot possibly be secured for meagre salaries and with the obligation to carry over-heavy schedules. Our colleges are having sufficient difficulty as it is to finance their present teaching program.

These two obstacles taken together, and there are others only less serious which might be mentioned, render it substantially impossible that there should be more than a slow adopting of these tutorial methods of instruction. This is perhaps not to be regretted, for as I indicated in an earlier paragraph, there are being accumulated many evidences to indicate that the common assumption that large classes inevitably imply inferior work is quite unfounded. That there are certain types of advantage in the more individualistic procedure, when carried on by men of genuine intellectual force, advantages which are perhaps not entirely mensurable by ordinary standards and methods, may indeed be admitted; but it is certainly by no means to be accepted as a truism that sheer intellectual discipline and achievement of [illegible] order may not be secured by other less costly m[illegible] For after all, the enduring values of educat[illegible] fundamentally a result of the student's own [illegible] and this may be elicited with a marked degree of success under the most divergent conditions. Not a few brilliant scholars have been practically self-taught.

* * *

Another consideration which must not be lost sight of is the danger that a tutorial system, if not conducted with great skill and sense of responsibility, may, as a caustic Scotch university critic of the English system once scornfully said to me, "degenerate into mere spoon feeding." This danger is the curse of the "tutoring school" as an educational device and of all schools that merely train their boys to pass examinations. If a teacher knows that the success, or failure, of his students in critical examinations—especially when set by others—is going to be employed as the principal test of his skill as a tutor, he is bound to be confronted by a dilemma which will gravely tax his intellectual and moral integrity. Shall he conscientiously and uncompromisingly try to give to his men the best education he can, or shall he train them to pass examinations? In theory the two aims and the two results might well be identical; in practice it is very rare that they are. The successful tutor who becomes a mere cram master will enjoy a wide, if ambiguous, popularity and fame. But it is quite certain that he will often be rendering his students a serious disservice.

In contrast with the dangers and difficulties of these aspects of the English pedagogical procedure, there are few, or no, corresponding drawbacks to their collegiate residential system, unless perhaps it be expense. To be sure, as administered at Oxford and Cambridge, it involves a kind and degree of surveillance over personal habits which American students would, in general, not tolerate. Picture, for example, the devastation wrought in the prevalent American collegian's habits, if he were required to be safely tucked away inside the college gates each night by nine or ten o'clock. The local movie industry would probably wither and pass into immediate bankruptcy. Our college authorities may surely be counted upon to temper this biting British disciplinary wind to the shorn American lamb. But in the measure in which the system makes it possible for students and teachers to meet one another on the basis of the simple social intimacies of daily life, under a

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by James Rowland Angell

common roof, it holds out innumerable advantages over the prevailing American practices—to say nothing of the procedure of the continental university. Moreover, it has in it the possibility, though not of necessity the assurance, of affording the quiet and serious type of student a real opportunity to share in a finer kind of community life than the average American college at present offers; to give to it, and to gain from it, values which, under existing conditions, are often completely sacrificed. In the welter of so-called extra-curriculum activities, many of them essentially banal, such men are often submerged and wholly lost to sight.

How quickly our students will adjust themselves to the conditions of the English residential system, where established, just how they will knit into such arrangements their present varied social organizations, and how far these organizations will be found intrinsically incompatible with the new conditions—all this remains for actual experience to disclose. These are in essence psychological issues, and the predominance of good or ill will promises to determine the rapidity and satisfactoriness of the solutions adopted. Where students are keen to discover reasonable adjustments, they will certainly be found. Where they are averse to any modification of prevailing practices, friction and trouble will inevitably ensue. Meantime, it is fair to say that few thoughtful observers of current American college practices, in the matter of social organization, look upon them with unmitigated enthusiasm. They have their good points, but almost all of them have grave and serious defects.

However doubtful one may be concerning the extent to which these modified English collegiate procedures will improve the output of such of our colleges as are attempting to adopt them, in whole or in part, one must at least be grateful for the effort.

e is, in my judgment, every reason to believe hey will bring about material benefits, as they already done in many institutions which have experimented with them; although for the reasons earlier indicated, I feel sure that it will be impossible rapidly to undertake any general and thoroughgoing adoption of the tutorial procedure, even if the case were clearer than it is for a wholesale acceptance of the educational principle involved. The comprehensive examination, and the program of studies which it presupposes, stands on its own feet and has my unmitigated approval. If it can be sufficiently developed, it may ultimately overturn our educationally vicious system of course credits as a method of securing and evaluating education.

We may accredit the rapid spread of interest in the whole British collegiate program in no small part to the tremendous inrush of college students following the war. Princeton had much earlier entered upon its tutorial program, followed hesitantly and in greater or less degree by one or two other institutions. But when, after the war, classes doubled and trebled in size, the problem of dividing the teaching units into smaller groups became acute and the stage was forthwith set for the active promotion of the highly individualistic methods of the English system. This has fortunately resulted in a great variety of experimental procedures, with a sort of supervised-group-study method at one end of the line, and a completely isolated individual procedure at the other, with an intermediate form represented by the tutor meeting small groups for conference at stated intervals. In this, as in other educational fields, thoughtful and intelligently controlled experimentation covering a period of years is extremely desirable. Out of it all we may reasonably hope will come genuine and substantial improvement in our collegiate organization and methods. When we are through with it, perhaps it will appear to be as much continental as English. It may suggest the gymnasium and the lycée, as much as it does the English college; or perhaps it will have been so modified and so changed from any of its forebears that we shall have to recognize it as a distinctly American product.

To many thoughtful observers, all these issues will seem to center upon methods rather than upon the more important subject of the content and objectives of collegiate education. Why trouble, they say, how you are to gain your ends, until you have dissipated the confusion and uncertainty which now enshrouds your purposes? What are you really trying to do? Are you seeking a suitable kind of education for the ordinary intelligent citizen, or are you seeking primarily to train leaders? Is your philosophy of higher education aristocratic, or is it democratic? Do you conceive the colleges as properly the home of the children of the upper classes (whatever that may mean in America) where an agreeable social experience may be indulged for four years, or do you regard them as the centers of a robust intellectual life to be enjoyed by all who possess the qualifications of mind and character enabling them to profit by the opportunities offered? Are you uncompromisingly committed to a stereotyped conception of "liberal" education, or do you recognize, as a force to be exploited, the unquestioned dynamic of vocational and professional interests?

These are all pertinent and significant questions, though I cannot discuss them at this time. The effort to answer them will doubtless keep the educational pendulum swinging vigorously for many a day to come. Meantime, the present policies which I have been discussing are generally predicated on principles which demand that we shall more certainly and more effectively than at present develop in our students genuine intellectual initiative and the power to think clearly and independently for themselves; that, among other methods, we shall make a beginning toward these ends by giving them large liberty of action and then holding them for a substantial mastery of some field of knowledge in which they have evinced interest. Incidentally it is assumed that they will be given opportunity to gain acquaintance with the most significant features of human culture and civilization and the great germinative ideas on which our intellectual universe rests. Not less, is it intended to bring them appreciatively into the presence of great art and great literature, that they may discern how the human spirit expresses itself in its most purely creative moods. We are particularly solicitous to discover and call out whatever powers they may themselves possess for really creative achievement.

A large order? Yes, but anything less offers a precarious foundation on which to build serious intellectual accomplishment, and it is surely not too ambitious a program for institutions which constitute the capstone of our educational system. If a more extended exploitation of English collegiate methods will further any or all of these aims, by all means let us have it. If an extension of continental methods will assist, let us have that. If improvement and modification of our own more indigenous procedure will do it, let us have that too. Education is certainly a field where one may properly shun uniformity and encourage diversity. By their fruits we must in any case judge each system, and we are bound by whatever methods to secure more creditable results than we are now achieving.

The author of the foregoing discussion, James Rowland Angell, psychologist and President of Yale University, is one of the foremost educators in America. He was for many years professor of psychology and dean of the university faculties in the University of Chicago, was its acting President from 1918-1919, *and since* 1921 *has been President of Yale. He has been exchange professor to the Sorbonne, member of the Psychological Committee of the National Research Council, President of the Carnegie Corporation, and President of the University of Chicago Settlement. He is the author of "Psychology" and "Chapters from the Modern Psychology."*

Cultural Change

OUR CHANGING CIVILIZATION. By John Heman Randall, Jr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by Henry Pratt Fairchild

New York University

HOW can one summarize a book that is itself a summary of the whole sweep of cultural change, and social thought and emotion, over a stretch of two and a half millen-niums? There is scarcely a page in this volume that deserves attention less than every other page, scarcely a sentence that is not full of suggestion and indispensable to a comprehensive grasp of the message as a whole. This is a work to be read, not reviewed.

Yet there is a single thought running through the entire volume, a unitary principle of interpretation giving coherence and continuity to the immense array of facts and allusions. It is something like this: Man's practical technique for making his living and gratifying his wants, and his philosophy of the nature and meaning of life are two separate, but closely related realities. The former is chronologically antecedent to, and dominant over, the latter. It is also much more dynamic and progressive. The arts of life are essentially cumulative; in both their material and their systematic aspects they characteristically build on what has gone before. By a sort of geometric progression they achieve spectacular and constantly expanding proportions. But man's central philosophy and code of ultimate values are closely integrated with his human nature, and inherent human nature changes slowly, if at all.

As a consequence, man is always building up an external civilization wholly disproportionate to his ability to comprehend the meaning of it, or to use it either wisely or well, and the great problem of humanity from time immemorial has been to maintain at least a workable correlation between man and his devices. Unless some kind of an adjustment can be accomplished, disintegration is inevitable. Fortunately, as already observed, philosophic and cultural abstractions eventually give way, though tardily and inertly. A religious system that worships lascivious and sensuous gods cannot survive the coming of a genuinely monogamic family organization; the doctrines of just price and the sinfulness of usury fight a losing battle against a rapidly growing commercialism; social procedures based on ma and superstition fade away in the presence of rea and science.

But while these adjustments are made, simply because they must be made, they always involve strain and waste in the community, and immeasurable revolt and disaster on the part of individuals. It is the function of the *élite* to promote as effectively as possible the speed and smoothness of the transitions. Certain of these readjustments have been of such significance that they have given their names to great cultural epochs, the Reformation, the Renaissance, the Age of Reason, Romanticism, the Enlightenment. It is natural that we should think of each of these in terms of stress of some sort or other.

The twentieth century situation differs from those that have gone before largely because of that very cumulative character of invention that has been mentioned. The rate at which civilization outruns humanity is vastly greater than ever before. Science and the machine lay heavier demands upon human resourcefulness and adaptability than any previous accomplishments. For the time being, it looks as if the very fabric of society were cracking under the strain. We understand so much better how to make goods than we do how to use them!

These ideas are not exclusive with Professor Randall. Something of the sort has been apperceived by more than one modern thinker, and more or less convincingly expressed by some, notably by Raymond B. Fosdick in his penetrating work, "The Old Savage in the New Civilization." But perhaps nowhere has the great historical setting, and the tortuous antecedents, of the present situation been so illuminatingly set forth as in the present volume. It is encouraging to note, moreover, that the author is not wholly pessimistic as to the outcome. "Yet if we are forced to confess failure, it will be the first time men have been unable to adapt themselves to the conditions of their lives." But only by the most rigorous application of the keenest intelligence and the sanest morality that mankind can muster can this adaptation be achieved.

The recent announcement of the King's birthday honors carried the order of merit for Robert Bridges, poet laureate since 1913 and for John Galsworthy. A knighthood was awarded to Gordon Craig, who has made important contributions to stage designing and scenic effects.

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Books of Special Interest

The Vials of Voodooism

BLACK MAGIC. By PAUL MORAND. Translated from the French by HAMISH MILES. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by UFFINGTON VALENTINE

PAUL MORAND'S attitude towards the negro is typically Gallic in its absence of those prejudices which are apt to enter into our own view of him. His book consists of a group of negro studies which gain value from the detachment of their author, and which had their inception in the fascination exerted upon him by jazz. Drawn by the ineluctable urge of the music he traveled over half the globe and visited nearly two score negro countries. The knowledge of negro nature and the occult powers that possess it gained from his wanderings he has set down in this book.

Unstinted pains are not, however, always attended by adequate reward. The voodooism that M. Morand divined lay at the background of jazz largely remained, despite his assiduous efforts to uncover its sources, the mystery it was to him before he set forth on his journeying. What one finds in "Black Magic" is not an interpretation of voodooism, but merely a vivid dramatization of its effects. However, the volume is not meant to be a scientific exposition of negro thaumaturgics, and perhaps one should not complain if the revaluation of the negro's soul is not what might be expected from the writer's contacts with it under such varied circumstances. At best, research into the spiritual make-up of primitive natures leads to *impasses;* their depths are instinctively guarded. What such research has for the most part brought to light is the fear-motive that dominates the primitive mind, the belief in the inimicalities of life, in an evil power that must be propitiated and thwarted.

This Paul Morand realizes and he has made it the thesis of the first story of his volume. In it he demonstrates the persistence of fear as a spiritual dominant even in evolved negro types subjected to highly civilized influence. The story revolves about a Lousiana-born negress whose dancing has made her the idol of Paris. The triumph of her position, all that she has imbibed from white surroundings, falls away under the atavistic terror aroused by discovering a "voodoo hand" in her bed. She seeks the evil-warding prophylactics of a witch-doctor, goes to a negro sabbat, and there, thrown into hypnosis, she receives an ominous message from her dying grandmother that carries her back to her birthplace, where the shadows of voodooism close in on her. In a spasmodic endeavor to defy them she takes a Mississippi ferry-boat, with the intention of returning to Paris. But voodooistic forewarning confirms itself. She is drowned in the river. The story has more of the accessories of negro necromancy and its preventatives than appear elsewhere in the book.

The second tale is one to which Americans are likely to take exception, though it is inferable that Paul Morand classes the woman who figures in it among the psychoneurotics rather than holds her typical of American femininity. The story plays on the French Riviera, where a negro, a band leader at a casino, is found on the roadside riddled with bullets, with a paper having the words "Respect for White Women! K. K. K.," pinned to his shirtfront, and in his arms a white woman from Charleston, South Carolina. The story is in large part a monologue of self-justification on the woman's part, with interjections by her auditor that bring out frankly the clashing American and French points of view about miscenegation and all that pertains to it. There is much food for thought in the story. Though written in a polemical vein, it is as dramatically effective as any in the volume.

American feeling in regard to the negro is the subject of two other stories. In both is unsparingly presented the persecution that is the fate of the educated, well-mannered, white-skinned members of the negro race who have sought social acceptance in white circles. The negro's facile reversion to race primitiveness is the theme of a third story, "Syracuse, or the Panther-Man." That M. Morand entertains doubt of the negro's value as a factor of civilization may be deduced from the outstanding story of the group, "The Black Tsar," in which, in the vein of Swift's Voyages of Gulliver, he creates a future negro-ruled West Indian republic. In Occide, its hero, he apparently forecasts what, in his opinion, would be the result of dominance by the negro. "Absolute power intoxicates him," he says. "It gives reign to his instincts, and his will to power explodes."

A Way of Life

NATURAL CONDUCT. By EDWIN BINGHAM COPELAND. Palo Alto: Stanford University Press. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by RALPH M. EATON
Harvard University

Darwin did not extend his theory of the evolution of species through the elimination of the unfit into the moral field, and Thomas Huxley, his great contemporary, protested vigorously against the idea that "the survival of the fittest" has an ethical significance. But many social philosophers of the nineteenth century drew moral corollaries from Darwinism, believing that a "scientific" ethics had at last been discovered. Mr. E. B. Copeland's "Natural Conduct" lays down these corollaries again with the same conviction that ethics can be made simple and scientific, being founded on something more tangible than an aspiration toward a good that no man can define. The arguments against Darwinism in morals are thickly sewn through the ethical writings of the last sixty years; Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics" is probably the best of all. Mr. Copeland considers no arguments against his position. He puts forward without question the following premises, that "practical ethics is an application of biological science," "Good conduct is all conduct favorable or conducive to survival"; "the basic principle is that, under any possible set of conditions, the best conduct will be that which tends most effectively toward the permanence of life"; "every virile race of men hopes and tries to live forever. Each generation is ambitious to be followed by a succession of generations of descendants growing more numerous as time passes, and to insure a chance for these descendants to live. This ambition is the basic motive which underlies our conduct."

The picture of a world populated by tribes of human beings struggling to perpetuate themselves, practising the virtues of temperance, courage, monogamy, in order that other human beings may perpetuate themselves and practise these virtues and so give birth to numerous and strong progeny, is Mr. Copeland's idea of perfection. The manner of life of bacteria is frequently mentioned, but the reader is not reminded that after the races of men have disappeared from the earth a few triumphant germs will remain; they will have proved themselves the fittest to survive.

Sheer life is not the goal of life. The fragile values of poetry, friendship, beauty, and knowledge for the sake of knowledge are worth a million organisms writhing and procreating in the grip of the will to live. Mr. Copeland quotes from Aristotle, "but surely the good of things is that which preserves them," and neglects to speak of Aristotle's conception of the highest good, disinterested contemplation of the universe, a complete detachment from the struggle for life, akin to the vision of the poet or the mystic.

An ethics of this type reduces itself to tautologies. The author sometimes uses the term "good" as if it had a significance in itself, which most people suppose that it has; and then he turns his statements into tautologies, robbing them of their meaning, by his definition of "good." "A race which practices habits that are bad—a bad habit is one which endangers survival—will be exterminated, and the bad habit will go with it. A race with good habits—a good habit is one conducive to survival—will be preserved, by virtue of its good habits." In other words, a race that practises habits that endanger survival will not survive, and one that practises habits conducive to survival will survive. The plain moral fact is that a very good race may perish and a wicked one live on, for the most powerful is not necessarily the best.

To those who can accept the premises the book will be an honest and simple presentation of a way of life close to nature; to those who cannot accept the premises it will have missed the whole point of man's struggle for a distant perfection.

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Foreign Literature

The Social Gospel

THE BACKGROUND OF THE SOCIAL GOSPEL IN AMERICA. By W. A. VISSER 'T HOOFT. Haarlem. 1928.

Reviewed by H. D. HILL

IT has become a fashionable truism that Puritanism is superannuated. In contrast with the Puritan preoccupation with the individual, its introspection upon sin and the horrors of hell and its feeling of awe before a remote and terrible God, the modern mood favors a social gospel in which the relationships of the individual and not his inner life are the primary objects of consideration and in which an evolutionary optimism believes in the Christianization of all aspects of our democratic mass society with the aid of an interested and accessible God. It is demonstrably true that the social gospel, with its relation to "welfare" and "service" as ideals, has permeated the present community in a fashion parallel to the generalized influence of Puritanism in the New England world. Puritanism was the aggressive mood of the early years of the eighteenth century; the ideal of the social gospel is that of the beginning of the twentieth. It is a reflection of the American tendency to accept change and forget continuity that no American writer has made an attempt to trace the events of the transition from one to the other as a history of the religious development of a nation. Such a study is now at hand, from a Dutch student who has passed considerable time in the United States.

The definition of the social gospel with which Mr. 't Hooft starts is that of Mr. Shailer Matthews, "the application of the teaching of Jesus and the total message of the Christian salvation to society, the economic life, and the social institutions such as the state, the family, as well as to individuals," but he suggests that it is "more than an application of Christian principles to society; it is also an application of social principles to Christianity; or to put it shortly: it is a form of interpenetration of religious and social thought." And he sets himself to discover the steps by which this type of gospel, which he regards as a distinctively American manifestation, developed on the new continent out of a variety of European backgrounds. He treats the subject under the headings of The Puritan Background; the Contribution of the Enlightenment; the Contribution of Revivalism; the Contribution of Science.

If one were to select the most interesting sections of his study they might perhaps be these. It is an arresting fact to learn how far back the kernel of modernism is to be found. Critics of Puritanism ordinarily ignore that if the theology of Jonathan Edwards voiced in general the ideas of the Puritans who considered themselves "sinners in the hands of an angry God," it nevertheless contained elements of the mood which was to follow two hundred years later,—"God in seeking His Glory, seeks the good of His Creatures; because the emanation of His Glory (which He seeks and delights in, as He delights in Himself and His own eternal glory) implied the communicated excellency and happiness of His creatures." The existence of these two phases of Edwards's philosophy is not a discovery of Mr. 't Hooft, but the emphasis which he places upon the second is illuminating.

There is one point, moreover, at which the book breaks ground that is quite new, namely its treatment of the influence of the Enlightenment on American thought, its importation through such men as Jefferson and Franklin, and its permeation of the religious sphere. He considers that the this-worldly orientation of the rationalist view of life had at least three results which contributed to the coming social gospel; it shifted the ruling emphasis from theology to ethics; it began a deliberate substitution of humanistic for transcendent elements in theology; and it brought about a distinctly new and optimistic view of human nature, which was subsequently strengthened by the evolutionary aspect of the organic sciences.

But Mr. 't Hooft does more than trace the background of the social gospel. In his final chapter he deduces from the writings of the movement an outline of its theology, and offers a critique of its assumptions. The failure of the movement to define its God directly has been perhaps one of its significant characteristics: it has conceived Him to be so immanent in the social relations of men that an analysis of Him as "other" has not appeared necessary. Mr. 't Hooft quotes the summary of Professor M. C. Otto in saying that "It is inevitable that America, historically the foremost exponent of the democratic 'urge' and 'outreach' of the universe, and only yesterday the leader in making the world safe for democracy, shall presently engage in the larger task of making God safe for democracy. This is the heart of the new theology," and supports it with the following citation from Rauschenbusch. "The worst thing that could happen to God would be to remain an autocrat while the world is moving on towards democracy!" He ends with questioning whether a God that does not offer a contrast to the problems in which society is involved, and a God belief in whom is not primarily a matter of personal faith, can be the source of a gospel, even a social gospel.

The book is definitely a contribution to the history of American thought; its appraisal of the interaction of the various forces in the development of religious ideas is a matter of considerable subtlety. One element is perhaps underrated, the economic. There are two aspects in which it possibly deserves rather more consideration than Mr. 't Hooft sees fit to give it. The very fact that the wealth of a new continent made the conditions of life less rigorous than in Europe has tended to make the sweat of the brow aspect of the Fall less real to succeeding generations than it was to the Puritans, and contributed to the confusion between God's Own Country and Eden expressed in the social gospel. Beyond that, the wholehearted devotion of the American to the capitalization of the resources around him may be claimed to have produced a this-worldly orientation of his thoughts independently of any intellectual stimulus: there is a rationalism which derives from the hand and the eye as well as that which comes from the mind. But we continually hear a great deal, and perhaps enough, of these things. What we hear about less frequently, and the fact the analysis of which makes this work worth while, is the process by which God and the world are equated in the explanation of life offered by the dominant group in contemporary religion, and the extent to which this equation, by destroying a necessary contrast, takes away the most profound dynamic in spiritual achievement.

A Night of Fear

LÉVIATHAN. By JULIEN GREEN. Paris: Plon. 1929. 12 francs.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE Franco-American literary phenomenon that is Julien Green is by now sufficiently well known on both sides of the Atlantic to lend considerable interest to the appearance of his third novel, which has just been published in French.

Like all of his books, "Léviathan" is gloomy, but, unlike "Avarice House" and "Adrienne Mesurat," it is also complicated in plot and somewhat obscure and difficult in construction. Briefly, the subject is as follows: A young professor, Paul Guéret, unhappily married, leaves Paris to settle with his wife in a small provincial town, where he has received a position as agent for one of the great landholders of the district, M. Grosgeorge. The atmosphere of the place and the character of his employer and his wife, rich, vulgar, and thoroughly hypocritical, combine to make his life miserable. He turns for consolation to a young girl of the town, Angèle. Nominally a laundress, this curious person serves in reality as a kind of decoy employed by the proprietress of a restaurant to draw clients and keep them interested by her personal charms. Through Angèle all the gossip of the town reaches this woman, Mme. Londe, who plays an important part in the story, and is a kind of personification of curiosity in its most highly developed state. Her interest in the restaurant is thus less founded on pecuniary bases than on a consuming desire to keep in contact with all that goes on in the neighborhood. When Guéret learns through her and her clients what Angèle's real occupation is, a violent scene of jealousy ensues, culminating in his striking her. At the sight of her blood-stained face he is overtaken by panic terror, and rushes away to spend the night in flight through the streets of the little town, as if already pursued by his crime.

This night of fear is the most extraordinary thing in "Léviathan," and one of the most successful things Green has yet done. In his flight Guéret encounters an old beggar, imagines he is being followed, and threatened by him. His mad panic increasing, he kills the man, and finally hides till morning in a coal yard. The horrors of this scene, improbable as they are in reality, are conveyed with such power, at once macabre and realistic, that in the end they convince by sheer despotic force. At last he seeks refuge in his room refusing to emerge under any circumstances.

A break in the narrative carries the reader back to Angèle, who has been forced to give up her relations with Mme. Londe, as Guéret's blows have permanently disfigured her. The neighbors and the police are suspicious of Guéret, but she refuses to denounce him. Mme. Londe begins to lose her clients, attempts to train another girl to take Angèle's place, finally beseeches Angèle to return. But at this point the figure of Mme. Grosgeorge, hitherto unimportant, appears in the foreground. She is not unattractive, she is bored, she hears mysterious rumors about Guéret. . . . Determining to protect him, she seeks his confidence, and when the police finally come to arrest him, hides him in her house. His safety seems assured, but when she is about to arrange his escape, Mme. Grosgeorge discovers that he still loves Angèle and in a fury of jealousy denounces him to the police. The end is swift and tragic. Guéret is caught as he attempts to flee, Mme. Grosgeorge tries to kill herself, and Angèle, who has also been trying to save her lover, is brought home in delirium to die. Mme. Londe presumably continues to satisfy her curiosity with new scandals.

The book has several unmistakable weaknesses, particularly in construction. For example, Guéret's wife, who is often mentioned in the beginning, drops entirely out of the picture thereafter. The motivation of certain changes of mind on the part of Mme. Grosgeorge and Angèle is obscure, too, but the brutality of the story and the splendor of the writing are sufficient to wipe out such petty faults. The atmosphere is unreal at times, yet it must be acknowledged that (like innumerable first-rate novelists before him) Green creates his own world and his own people, sharpening thereby the impression which his books never fail to make. Indeed, there is a quality about Julien Green's work in such passages as the night scene of this book that is beyond almost all Frenchmen of his generation. To find a fitting parallel it is necessary to return to the Anglo-Saxon literature of the past century, to Poe, Dickens, and Hawthorne. In the best sense his books may be said to be old fashioned.

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Points of View

Naval Policies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have followed with great interest the articles and letters discussing the British-American naval policies that have been appearing all winter in your so excellent magazine, and have finally been aroused to the point of writing you by the letter of Mr. S. T. Byington appearing on page 1004 of the May 10th issue. Begging his pardon, the gentleman seems not only quite foggy but also slightly—may I say emotional?—in his statements.

"The trouble between British and American naval policies is that British policy is consistently anti-British"—his first sentence. Woof! Why any more so than our own is anti-American—or any one's? And to my no doubt weak mentality, the statement seems to be rather useless even if true; it leads nowhere. Again, in sentence two, paragraph two: ". . . one really good thing about this war was that it showed that it can be made unprofitable to the most formidable belligerent to seek military advantage by violating international law." My dear Sir (Victorian exclamation); the war has proved so many entirely opposite things to so many people of entirely opposite viewpoints . . . of course it can be made "unprofitable," but any nation on the losing side of a war, engaged in what it would by that time conceive of (and quite sincerely so) as a matter of pure self-protection, would neither count the cost nor remember such small matters as having agreed to such-and-such conditions respecting the Approved War.

But it is child's play to tear down someone else's theories on such a controversial subject, and perhaps not very polite, so I may be permitted to advance one of my own. To the attack, Mr. B.!

Point one. The British and American naval policies are fundamentally irreconcilable. (F. H. Simonds, Feb. 23rd, page 714.) This is probably quite true, since neither wishes to be subject to the other's orders.

Point two: Either a partnership (Mr. Kerr, Jan. 26th, pages 624-5), or a sudden accession of plain common sense (Mr. Lippmann, Feb. 9th, pages 662-3) would provide a way around this apparently insurmountable difficulty; also probably true, but certainly not to be hoped for as an actual practical result in time to affect the next war in any way.

Point three (my own): There is no naval problem—except to the ninny-headed vote-chasers in Washington whom we so gallantly call Our Leaders. And why? The answer lies more and more obviously in airplanes. A year or so ago, the authorities at Washington dropped a fairly large-sized bomb on a battleship to see just how deadly the result would be. They missed the ship entirely, but to their great astonishment the concussion opened her seams and she sank anyway; a much more deadly result than they could hope to achieve with gunfire. And did the legislators go home and say, "Battleships are passé; let us build airplanes that are much cheaper to build, much more deadly in combat and also more useful in peace times . . ."? But no. They said: "This awful secret must be kept from the world" (those nations that did not already know this "secret" must of necessity learn of it in the next war in plenty of time to make use of it), and they said, "Let us build more ships and maybe no one will guess." And now they are building them. Aw, gee!

To anyone but a politician, what is wrong and what should be done about it are more than rhetorical questions; but they, poor devils, are so tied up by Mrs. Grundy of Kansas that they get no time to consider, let us say, national amity in any way that might lead to action, and Mrs. G. unfortunately thinks that "furrin nations," like "furrin bodies," are better either stepped on or ignored altogether. Oh, well . . . her representatives are worthy of her. Or is that too bitter?

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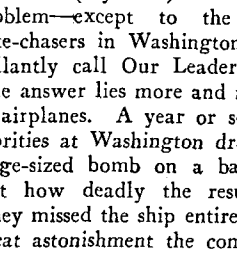

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY — CLEON THROCKMORTON

Carl Spitteler

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

It is a somewhat invidious position for an author to tackle a reviewer on a matter of opinion. But my share in the translation of Carl Spitteler's Poems, reviewed by Mr. Louis Untermeyer in the *Saturday Review* for March 23, is relatively so small, that I venture to take up the cudgels for the poet and my fellow-translator. For the sake of argument, Mr. Untermeyer's opinion of my share of the work may be accepted.

Mr. Untermeyer is impressed chiefly by Spitteler's "windiness, his vatic gestures, his magniloquences." He considers his verse as "largely and loosely mystical in the worst German tradition." Is this not rather a sweeping verdict on a poet who has been acclaimed and commented on by such men as Romain Rolland, Professor Baudouin, Professor J. V. Widmann, Felix Weingartner, Dr. Jung, Professor J. G. Robertson, and many other men of standing in the intellectual world? It has become a fashion in certain circles to sneer at the Nobel Prizes; but surely even the "benighted Scandinavians," who decide these awards, are not so benighted as to present their literary prize to a poet whose productions are purely fustian? If Mr. Untermeyer had confined himself to arguing that Carl Spitteler is not so great a poet as many of us think, there would be little left for me to say; but the worms who love Spitteler are absolutely forced to turn when he is handled with such profound contempt as Mr. Untermeyer's.

In many other reviews of the book, in responsible British and American journals, Spitteler is treated much more respectfully. And so many bouquets have been thrown to Miss Mayne's translations that my own great admiration for them has been much enhanced by their sympathetic support. We have to choose between Mr. Untermeyer, who finds nothing but ineptitude, and such verdicts as that (e. g.) in one of London's chief critical organs:—"a wonderfully fine piece of work, the difficulties being so triumphantly overcome that it takes some perspicacity to see how difficult the task has been." Indeed, if Mr. Untermeyer's statement that "Miss Mayne is no worse than Mr. Muirhead" involves (as it apparently must) its converse, that "Mr. Muirhead is no worse than Miss Mayne," I consider that, if this is true, Mr. Untermeyer has unwittingly paid me a very high compliment indeed.

I appeal to your readers to judge for themselves (so far as translation allows) to what extent Carl Spitteler deserves his wide reputation, and not to accept untested the verdict of Mr. Untermeyer, which is almost unique in its ruthless depreciation.

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

London.

Sex Literature

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Is it true, as your recent comment "Censorship" asserts, that the majority of us, American readers, are neither libertines nor obscurantists when we come to judge literature? In discussing books with other book-loving people it has been my experience that the majority of us do, in the last analysis, fall into one or the other of these categories. We still have among us an appreciable number of people with the grave clothes of the past clinging to them who rank as obscurantists, and ungenerously, with the aid of psychology, we may even suspect that they get a back-handed vicarious thrill from the amount of turmoil they create in the name of purity of thought, word, and deed. On the other hand, it seems to me that the majority of us, if not mental libertines, are certainly in the state of the small boy who, in the days when boys wore dresses half way to adolescence, stood by the side of the road proclaiming to all passers by, "By gosh, I've got pants on, with real pockets in 'em, by golly."

In the last decade, discarding the protecting skirts of Victorianism, our intellectual beings have put on pants with real pockets in them, and we do wish to display them to all passersby. Since it is no longer a break to talk about prostitutes in polite society, we are a bit too likely to polish up our knowledge of the subject of prostitution for the edification of our next dinner party. And this is precisely the kind of thing which can be expected of our American twentieth century lack of balance. We like our freedom and we want to disseminate the fact that we have all the knowledge of these hitherto hidden things. Vociferously we set about to create for ourselves and for the benefit of others the delusion that we are not harmed physically, mentally, or spiritually by this knowledge. Furthermore, we valorously wish to aid all the world in arriving at this fulness of knowledge,—for the benefit of the world, of course, and, incidentally, as many widely advertised altruistic motives in these days have a delightful power of recoil, for the benefit of our own pocketbooks.

Sex matters in their more normal forms have been revealed in the moving pictures and in our literature until there is no phase left unpresented. Almost with mathematical accuracy one might arrive at an estimate of the number of changes which can be rung on normal sex demonstration; complicated as the problem is, the number does not run to infinity, and the experience of the human race and the imagination of human authors have come near ringing the last change. Everything which can be said of heterosexual relationships could now pass the censor if the writers would take reasonable care to call a spade "an implement for the purpose, generally, of agricultural excavation." As there must still be new things under the sun, or old things which need to be brought into its light, it has begun to be our privilege to bring forward another implement which after all is only a spade with a broken handle. For this spade we try to avoid the plain old name which Dante used in outlining punishments, and use, when names are needed, its romantic feminine, "Lesbian love." And of this, along with birth control, prostitution, and adultery, called by various names free from the implication of sin, we form a harmonized quadrangle for purposes of conversation, literary relaxation, and education.

Our literature does not need the censor. We have no real wish to face an era of bootleg literature; the writer lives too near Boston to face with equanimity any wholesale sinking of pornography runners in that historic harbor. What we do need to do is, by popular movement, to check the enterprise of writers and publishers who, with avowed altruistic purpose, desire to continue to educate us in matters of sex. We need to be convinced, and to convince the sources of literature, that those now living, whether in their first childhood or in their second, have a sufficient supply o[illegible] printed material on all phases o[illegible] the sublime to the sordid. W[illegible] Prophet of a New Era who shall [illegible] an interest in one of the several other [illegible] teresting phases of life on this globe. When men and women differ individually in more ways than there are individuals, we show a curious lack of breadth of interest when we find it impossible to get our minds beyond this one of the two things which all living things have in common. A Prophet of Evil Days to Come might say that if we do not before many years realize that we need to look beyond our need for nourishment and our need for sex expression, we shall run into the danger of losing our high estate as human beings and may become merely fairly intellectual, highly mechanized, animals.

ANNE L. W. SOULE.

Exeter, New Hampshire.

Facts and Affects

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Professor Ralph Barton Perry's optimistic retort to Mr. Krutch's pessimism fails signally to reach the latter's position. All the weapons he apparently has to offer are such "a stronger appetite for life, a more elastic spirit, a more forgiving love, and a more unquenchable faith" as were the fortunate possessions of the elder (*not*, it will be noted, the younger) Henry James. It is significant that these weapons are all feelings, and not facts or even ideas, with which philosophers were wont to deal.

I believe that the difficulties of both Mr. Krutch and Professor Perry arise from their failure to realize that the modern temper results from the extraordinary discrepancy between our facts and our affects. If this is the case, the problem of the mature contemporary mind is to adjust affects to facts, and this solution lies, not in the revival of early nineteenth century emotions, but in the employment of all the intelligence we can muster.

A critical spirit at Professor Perry's elbow might, of course, have suggested that the falling off in "appetite for life" is symptomatic of the decline in "primitive vitality" which he denies. This same spirit might also have urged that an optimist ought to give Spinoza a chance to change his mind on a few points between 1600 and 1929.

FRED B. MILLETT.

The University of Chicago.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

FRA ANGELICO. By WILHELM HAUSENSTEIN. Translated by AGNES BLAKE. Dutton. 1928. $9.

Though no new facts are here presented one is immediately and pleasantly attuned to the times and the influences which were brought to bear on the most spiritual of Italian painters. There is more feeling than substance in the one hundred and eighteen pages of this volume, which unhappily contains no bibliography. Of the sixty-five full page illustrations, three are from the Louvre, one from Dublin, and seven from German museums, the balance being quite properly from Florence, Rome, and Cortona. The English and American panels are ignored.

Fiction

THE FLAGRANT YEARS. By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS. Liveright. 1929. $2.

Mr. Adams has turned from the scanning of Presidents to the scrutiny of beauty shops. These inner sanctums of feminine charm are turned inside out for all those who care to read. The racket is laid bare, and the hows and wherefores made plain, through the medium of the young heroine, Consuelo Barrett, who comes to New York to earn a living, and by way of doing so learns the business.

Outside the lucid exposition of her activities during business hours the adventures of Consuelo read a good deal like fiction, but they are not dull adventures. On the contrary, they are delightful ones, the kind the employees of New York beauty parlors doubtless dream of having. She meets a number of charming men, Park Avenue males, who fall in love with her. Money cannot buy her, because among her other virtues she is virtuous, but Money recognizes her for what she is and doesn't try. It offers its hand in marriage instead. An element of mystery is injected when one of her admirers is inexplicably killed, and this story is adroitly handled.

well told, but aside from the re of what presumably goes y shop, why women go there, what they take away with them in ie received, Mr. Adams's novel is not in way a distinguished one. There is no on to suppose that he intended it to be. ntless young ladies who punch time ks will find in its realistic glitter an ctive anodyne for reality.

E GREEN TOAD. By W. S. MASTERMAN. Dutton. 1929. $2.

To most people "The Green Toad" may be "just another detective story," yet even the mystery story addict should find enough uniqueness here to keep him guessing to the very end. That, one supposes, is the *summum bonum* of this sort of tale.

The first murder in "The Green Toad" is an odd sundering of head from body, so arranged that when the door of a Daimler, parked too long at a London curb, is opened by the police, the head topples off onto the pavement. Charming episode! Successive incidents, still more gruesome, give rise to gooseflesh until, in the last few chapters, a swift dénouement explains each puzzling event. Thus a second *sine qua non* of the good detective story is achieved—all the mysterious problems are solved with as much plausibility as can ever be attached to such occurrences, no loose threads dangle, and all the virtuous characters, and the well meaning ones as well, are given their chances for happiness. What more could one ask of "The Green Toad"? Read it and shiver, but if you like detective stories, you'll have a good time.

WIFE TO PILATE. By MARY GRANGER. Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.50.

Mary Granger has followed her first novel, "The Widow of Ephesus," with a second, also of biblical times and characters. The ever-active flaw-detectors have already pointed out that Miss Granger's historical and geographical accuracy are not beyond reproach, but such discrepancies will be of little moment to readers of "Wife to Pilate." The book is obviously written for the story itself and for the central character of Claudia. She might as well have lived to-day or in the Middle Ages as in those years just over the threshold of *anno domini*. And this not because she is cut out of the fundamental character stuff that must vary little through centuries or in different countries, but because she belongs essentially in fiction. She is a story-book woman and goes through the adventures and emotions appropriate to such. Miss Granger writes very simply and easily, and "Wife to Pilate" will be enjoyed by the audience that likes mildly conceived tales of the days when the Galilean walked with men.

YOUNG WOODLEY. By JOHN VAN DRUTEN. Day. 1929. $2.

The transition of his distinguished play into fiction has been accomplished by Mr. Van Druten with so brilliant an artistry that it is not easy to determine whether as a novelist he does not seem even more highly talented than as a dramatist. Of course, in novel form he has far wider and deeper scope for the presentation of young Woodley's poignant story than was possible in the stage version, far richer opportunity for study of the bewildered boy's acutely sensitive nature and of his disturbing contacts with the surfaces of sexual realities. At seventeen, Woodley, wistful and romantic, still physically innocent, finishing his last year at an English public school, falls idealistically in love with Laura, youthful wife of his sour, elderly house-master. Their blameless relationship, each drawn to the other by loneliness and understanding, does not pass beyond a single kiss, but the consequences of that endearment bring about his nervous breakdown and immediate expulsion from the school.

The perfection of Woodley's lifelikeness to an uncommon type of diffident boy, absorbed in illusions of beauty and fearful of gross realities, renders him perhaps the most pathetic and memorable adolescent figure in contemporary literature. In strong contrast with his inherent purity there is the bold pruriency of his schoolfellow, the worldly-wise Vining, and the reserved manliness of Ainger, Woodley's chum, who views the fleshly problems which preoccupy them with philosophic candor, without longing, and without repulsion. As to the book's rather drastic arraignment of virtually everything connected with the English public school system, it seems as if none but that method of treating the venerable institution could have served so effectively to illumine the tragedy of young Woodley and its causes. An unforgettable, exquisitely written story, we confidently predict a place for it among the finest first novels of the year.

THE MIDDLEMAN. By JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE. Morrow. 1929. $2.

This volume is made up chiefly of reminiscences of a business career, strung on a rather tenuous thread of economic argument. It is the fictitious autobiography of John Draper, president of the Empire Wholesale Company, who, having worked his way up to the headship of a large firm of wholesale jobbers, sets himself to inquire whether wholesale jobbers have any place in the present business system, and, perhaps inevitably, concludes that they have. Though the functions of the middleman are not the same as they were in 1900, they are, he maintains, still important, and are of service to the manufacturer as well as to the retailer.

But it is safe to say that no one will read the book for the sake of the argument. Its real value lies in its anecdotes. Taken singly, they offer humorous and often penetrating illustrations of business principle; and though they seem a little slight as the material for a full-length book, they are exactly what appears to delight readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *American Magazine*—that is, most of the American public.

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

Miscellaneous

MEN, MONEY AND MOTORS. By THEODORE F. MACMANUS and NORMAN BEASLEY. Harpers. 1929. $3.

If the automobile has been largely responsible for a new economic structure and for the industrial philosophy built upon mass production then almost any book on the automobile is worth looking at and thinking about. This one is, although the reader will search its pages in vain for any significant discussion of the meaning of it all. What he will find is a somewhat scrambled succession of anecdotes which dramatize the birth of the gasoline age and pick out some of the high lights in its stormy adolescence. And despite the almost nervous activity with which the authors jump from one anecdote to another and from one incident to another, most readers will find much to command their interest in the tales of these men who built an era, and transformed the horseless carriage of thirty years ago from a national joke into an economic necessity.

Most of the anecdotes concern the launching of this or that car in the early days. But there are later moments of high drama, too: the Ford Company's decision to establish a minimum daily wage of $5, almost doubling the payroll of its shops; the break between Ford and Couzens over the former's pacifist manœuvres; Durant's frantic attempt to hold control of General Motors in a relentlessly falling market, which finally—for the moment at least—wiped him out; Chrysler's almost laconic purchase of the huge Dodge Brothers interests. These episodes and many like them have made business—and particularly the automobile business—the great modern adventure, with millions as the reward for astuteness and courage.

As for the authors, Mr. MacManus has had a hand in a number of the industry's important developments which are chronicled here. He is head of the advertising firm which handles both the Cadillac and Fisher Body Company accounts and his services have led him into the inner counsels for many years. Mr. Beasley, as a Detroit newspaperman, has watched the growth of the industry in its capital. It is a pity that their narrative, packed with so much good material, should lack the cohesiveness which would have made it a really comprehensive picture of the industry's beginnings.

BIRTH CONTROL. By *William J. Robinson.* Fortieth Edition, Enlarged. New York: The Critic and Guide Co.

CRAFT WORK. By *Edna Selena Cane.* New York: Century Co. $3.

FIELD BOOK OF MARINE FISHES OF THE ATLANTIC COAST. By *Charles M. Breder, Jr.* New York: Putnam's.

AVIATION AND ALL ABOUT IT. By *A. Frederick Collins.* New York: Appleton. $2.

THE MORRIS PLAN OF INDUSTRIAL BANKING. By *Peter W. Herzog.* Shaw.

WHY DO YOU TALK LIKE THAT? By *Richard Burton.* $2.

MOTION PICTURE PROBLEMS. By *William Marston Seabury.* Avondale Press.

DEVILS, DRUGS, AND DOCTORS. By *Howard W. Haggard.* Harpers. $5.

THIRTEEN DAYS. By *Jeannette Marks.* A. & C. Boni.

Pamphlets

THE CRISIS OF THE FILM. By *John Gould Fletcher.* University of Washington.

LYRICS OF FLORIDA. By *Clinton Scollard.* Winter Park, Fla.: Angels Alley Press.

NEWSPAPERS AND THE COURTS. By *Stuart H. Perry.* University of Missouri.

THE JOURNALISM OF CHILE. By *Don Carlos G. Davila.* University of Missouri.

A NEW JOURNALISM IN THE FAR EAST. By *Walter Williams.* University of Missouri.

(Continued on page 1137)

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William McFee: **"Miss Triplett's book sets a new high water mark for modern marine autobiography."** ***Felix Riesenberg:*** **"Almost unbelievable. This volume will amaze all salt water experts." Every word of this amazing story of a young girl at sea is as true as the next. Little June Triplett can't even *remember* when she was not on a ship. Not in this autobiography she can't!**

Loyal old Britches giving June a whaling lesson. He looks enough like Frank Sullivan to be Frank Sullivan.

Little June Triplett and her father, Captain Ezra, one time skipper of the KAWA. Captain Ezra looks a lot like Heywood Broun.

June Triplett's Log

1 *BELL.* I am three hours old when I first report aboard my father's schooner with my duffle wrapped up in a triangular piece of white linen.

2 *BELLS.* At two weeks old I am content just to lie about my father's boat—a habit that persists.

3 *BELLS.* I learn to spit a figure eight in the wind, and throw the bulwarks.

4 *BELLS.* I capture a baby waterspout, named Gladys, and keep it for a pet.

5 *BELLS.* I cut open a female shark and find a copy of "What Every Young Girl Should Know" inside.

6 *BELLS.* I am the first white woman to witness the Dance of the Virgins—and even learn how to be one.

7 *BELLS.* I am forced to swim around Cape Horn because Richard Halliburton has exclusive swimming privileges in the Panama Canal.

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Fanfrolico

THERE is something a little refreshing (anno 1929) and not a little that is amusing in the "definite esthetic statement" issued in its first catalogue by the Fanfrolico Press in 1926. "The Press intends to publish work which, while moving in the modern area, picking up its esthetic material from the débris of its generation's efforts, yet seeks to add to a personal vision the gesture of life, the sensuality of beauty, the essential weight of form, the structural ebb and flow of emotion, that means serious art." This wording "moves in the modern area" so completely that I am not sure just what is meant: but the ecstatic appreciation of Mr. Norman Lindsay with his "terrific individuality" in a later announcement of the Press is frankly juvenile and laughable.

But—after so much is said, one is thankful for youngsters who will step out and do things which are not exactly "sound" in the matter of form or substance: who will let their hilarity and seriousness lead them into publishing ventures which are not completely assured of success from the start, and which cannot be expected to yield a very considerable income. Two recent volumes from the Fanfrolico Press are the reason for these remarks.

Sir John Harington's "Metamorphosis of Ajax" is printed from Poliphilus type on heavy—too heavy—hand-made paper. It is easy to read, but the excessive protuberance of the deckle edges is annoying. It has a photogravure frontispiece of Sir John Harington, and reproduces the original diagrams and illustrations.

The second volume is "Hyperborea," text and illustrations by Norman Lindsay. Here the paper is too *thin!* A little more normality in the selection of paper, O Fanfrolicans, would have made both books pleasanter to the eye. Yet both books are interesting, if for no other reason than that they exemplify the glorious disregard of the Englishman for logic and psychology! Mr. Lindsay's drawings are a bit lacking in simplicity, yet there is a lively, humorous quality about them.

I would like to see the Fanfrolicans try their hand at more unconventional printing, in line with the subject matter of their volumes, for there is enthusiasm here, and some audacity. R.

THE *Bookman's Journal* of London in a recent issue prints the following comments by Mr. Gilbert Fabes, the author of "The Autobiography of a Book," on the general subject of collecting modern Press books:

"Collectors of modern Press books are becoming perturbed at the increasing numbers of these productions, and the increasing numbers of mushroom 'presses'. . . . There are still some collectors who believe that any book published by a 'Press' is at once worth collecting, and should immediately rise to a premium. Though this fallacy is bad, it is not so bad as the beliefs which exist among some of the proprietors of so-called 'Presses.' These may be summarized as follows:

"(1) That the word 'Press' will sell any book.

"(2) That any reprinted trifle is good enough for a press book.

"(3) That a limited edition of a book at a high price is a sound business proposition.

"(4) That a numbered and limited edition is an irresistible bait.

"The book-trade in general always welcomes a good book, well produced, at a reasonable price, and it does not care whether it is published by Messrs. Jones & Company, or the Aubrey de Vere trading as the Penny-farthing Press. The book collector wants to purchase books which are sound value for his outlay, and which will always be worth, at least, the price paid for them. If the Press-book idea is stripped of its glamor, we shall have saner publishing and less expensive fine editions; the true privately-owned presses will continue to be distinctive as long as their workmanship is beautiful; and the publishing houses, under whatever name they may trade, will be accepted as firms whose ideals are controlled by level-headedness as the result of experience.

"The word 'Press,' if it is to remain, must be accepted by all as meaning a publishing house. It is a delightful name . . . but [its] use . . . in any misguided or de-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 62. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed lyric called "July Nightfall." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of July 1.)

Competition No. 63. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Lines (not exceeding thirty) to a Neglected Poet. Living men or women are not admissible, and the chosen poet should be named. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of July 15.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

COMPETITION NO. 60.

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the most convincing original sonnet built around the rhyme words: This has been divided equally between Merrick Wells, Laetitia Viele, and "Ben."

THE PRIZE SONNETS

I—By MERRICK WELLS

DAY long we rode dispirited; the dust
Greyed every saddle-cloth, and every horse
Went wearily. A rivulet's dry course
Was barren bivouac, but sleep we must.
The very stones breathed treason and mistrust
As from this place all evil had its source.
A nightwind rose and wailed; its fitful force
Gibbered "Defeat!" "Defeat!" with every gust.

And bitter want there was for stealth and speed.
—A dry clod fell and panic hung the sides
Of that ravine. Who flies must take sharp heed
Of signs and portents when destruction rides
Armed and athirst for death. There is no steed
Fleet to avoid the ruin doom provides.

II—By LAETITIA VIELE

Indifferent to the shower which pits the dust,
The rider slumps upon his plodding horse;
Indifferent to the world upon its course,
He follows on only because he must:
Too weary for the effort of mistrust,
Still knows he not the power,—nor seeks its source —
Which drags him onward with relentless force,
Unhurried, without spasm, without gust.
Forgotten is the morning flight, at speed
Which stained the satin of his horse's sides;
Darkness enfolds him, but he does not heed,
Blinded and dazed, unfeeling now he rides,
A tired traveler on a tired steed,
Toward whatever end the power provides.

III—STUBBORN BACHELORS
By "BEN"

By that peculiar yearning of our dust,
Which calls us as his stable calls a horse,
We are constrained at times to take our course
To where the girls are. Be with them we must.
Their powers of charming can we then mistrust?
Have they not virtues risen from the source
Of biologic urges? Utter force
Sweeps us toward them as straws before the gust.

But afterwards—if ill or good our speed—
How gladly do we stretch and rub our sides
Within a lonely armchair where no heed
We have to pay to how the tattle rides
A rippling tongue. Then there's no better steed
Than any cushion far from girls provides.

There were nearly four hundred entries—a record number—so I don't know whether to thank or abuse Miss Deborah C. Jones (who, incidentally, offered an excellent entry) for suggesting this competition. The rhymes I chose myself. They come from Sonnet 37 in "The Growth of Love" by Robert Bridges and I recommend everybody who wrestled with them to look up the original.

One prophetic entry began "How Edward Davison must eat the dust by now." It certainly was a heavy meal though not unsustaining in the end. I have never before felt so severely the need of more space for "The Wits' Weekly." It is quite impossible in these two curtailed columns to do even the beginnings of justice to the scores of sonnets that deserved criticism or print, or both.

It seems surprising that there should be readers of the *Saturday Review* who do not know what a sonnet is. Others were disqualified for tampering with the rhyme words or with their given order. Mary Waterman and Claudius Jones (for his "Hunter" sonnet) would have been among the prize-winners but for the latter offense. Homer Parsons spoiled a really fine piece of work by splitting a word in the middle in order to use "gust" as a rhyme. I hurl his *de gustibus* back at him with a serve-you-right. *Disgust, besides, coarse* for course, and *gust* for gusto were even less acceptable.

Specially deserving of praise were Ruth Mary Weeks, R. C. Erickson, Claudius Jones (for a second entry), Clifford Gessler, Frances H. Gaines, and Virginia Styles. Mention only a little less honorable is due to R. B. Wood, F. P. Mastin, G. O. Jager, C. W. Avery, Michael Peters, R. N. Stretch (who offered four brave entries), J. F. Doughty, Dalnar Devening, Catherine Cronin, M. N. Brice, Ernest Hartsock (whose love of rhetoric spoiled a good sonnet by over-emphasis) and Anne W. Carpenter. David Heathestone and W. E. Willner both wove their sonnets around President Coolidge's electric horse, and Marjorie Murphy's hero was a hippopotamus. Florence L. Barnes was the best of several who twisted the rhymes to make images for a poem about an aeroplane and Ann Winslow looked at a horse in the Zoo in 2000 A. D.—

"What is it, grandma, kicking up the dusts"
"That animal, my child, is called a horse."

R. O. Spreckley wrote much the best of many sonnets about Pegasus; and C. C. Glendenen's horse race was much the best of the week though he spoiled the sonnet by including two lins that lacked their full quota of syllables. To all mentioned here let me apologize for this unavoidably cursory treatment. In later issues I hope to print several of the sonnets referred to above.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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ceptive manner should be ruthlessly suppressed."

It has been reported from London that a young American, Philip Hurn, has discovered, in a London safe deposit vault, a large collection of love letters and musical scores of Richard Wagner. Included among the documents is the only known copy of Wagner's autobiography. According to Mr. Hurn, the collection was made by a wealthy Englishwoman, who, at the time of the composer's death in 1883, decided to write an exhaustive biography, for which she proceeded to collect material during the next sixteen years. At the time of her death, the work was still unfinished, and the documents were locked away in the vault.

At a recent sale at Hodgson's in London, a fascinating letter dated January 12, 1828, from Wordsworth to Dr. Lardner, declining to write an "Account of the Deceased Poetesses of Great Britain," and pointing out that Dr. Johnson did not take the least notice of "female writers," brought £48. A short letter of Charlotte Brontë's concerning the illness of her sister, Emily, sold for £77, while the original manuscript of Arnold Bennett's short story, "A Place in Venice," on twenty-nine pages, sold for £40. A short time previously, at the sixty-sixth annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, the original manuscript of Sir James Barrie's "Twelve Pound Look," twenty-four pages, was sold to Mr. Gabriel Wells for 2,300 guineas.

An announcement has been made that before long Dr. Alfred P. Lee of Philadelphia will bring out his bibliography of the writings of Christopher Morley upon which he has been working for several years. In addition to listing the various publications of Mr. Morley, Dr. Lee is attempting a census of his manuscripts.

In addition to the regular weekly prospectuses from the Limited Editions Club, there has come recently an announcement of Mr. Merle Johnson's "High Spots of American Literature," a work that promises more dignity than its title seems to indicate. This book deals exhaustively with the first issues of about two hundred outstanding works of American literature, giving a brief critical estimate of the volumes selected for the list, and explaining the reasons for their inclusion. It is to be published by the Bennett Book Studios of New York in an edition of 750 copies, fifty of which are to be signed by the author; the prices are $14 for the unsigned issue, and $25 for the signed. Mr. Johnson's bibliographical experience fits him admirably for such a work, and leads one to look for an unusually excellent volume.

G. M. T.

Professor H. M. Ayres and W. C. Greet, of Columbia University, who last year recorded dialects of summer school students on phonograph records, have announced that they will record 200,000 dialects in all parts of the country for a complete Library of American Speech Records. The project is one of many original researches made possible by $50,000 in subventions that have been allotted to members of the Columbia factulty by the Research Council. The allotments are to cover expenses for research, such as travelling, clerical assistance, photographic reproductions of manuscripts, and works of art and architecture. Six years ago Professor Ayres made the first five photographic records of American speech at Columbia, with the aid of J. P. Maxfield, of the Western Electric Company. As delegate of the present day English group of the Modern Language Association, Professor Ayres presented these records before the association.

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The advance sale of *The Story of Philosophy* [that is, the number of copies bought by dealers before its publication] was 871. Three years later, after more than a million Americans learned from WILL DURANT the lure of "that noblest pleasure, the joy of understanding" [LEONARDO DA VINCI was an artist in writing headlines, too] . . . three years later, then, the advance sale of WILL DURANT'S new book, *The Mansions of Philosophy* was exactly 1100 per cent greater!

But that is not all . . . According to a bulletin just received from *The Inner Sanctum's* favorite contributors, MESSRS. BAKER AND TAYLOR, the ranking national best-seller in the field of general literature, for the period from May 27th to June 3rd [the latest available report] is *The Mansions of Philosophy*.

For the best-seller ranking in fiction, *The Inner Sanctum* turns to *Brentano's* roster, where *Wolf Solent*, by JOHN COWPER POWYS, is in undisputed possession of first place.

Wolf Solent is out only four weeks but its translation and publication have already been arranged for England, Germany, Austria, Sweden, and Denmark.

Of the last nine books published by *The Inner Sanctum*, five have become best-sellers. Readers who cannot recall them are neglecting their A B C's, not to mention their

—ESSANDESS

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THE PHOENIX NEST

FROM the Globus Press comes the following news: The May Grand Jury refused to indict *Isadore Lhevinne* and rejected the charge of obscenity against his novel, "Ariadne." The novel was seized four months ago by *John Sumner* of the New York Vice Society. Mr. Lhevinne spent two hours behind the bars and is planning a counter-suit against both Mr. Sumner and the Society. Incidentally, during the raid on Mr. Lhevinne's apartment, the manuscript of an unpublished novel of his was seized and never returned. . . .

Writes *Earle F. Walbridge*, librarian of the Harvard Club:

> There is an amusing and somehow rather delightful confusion of characters on page 78 of Jessie Conrad's "Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him," which proves to me, at least, that Mrs. Conrad read *Peason's Magazine* as thoroughly as Conrad's manuscripts:
>
> "The next day we came across an old man, a facsimile of Don Q., immortalized by Captain Kettle, with pointed face, round hat, and the black cloak."
>
> Probably Cutcliffe Hyne would be flattered to have the Captain figured as a writing man. And it has taken all these years to arouse my curiosity to the pitch of ascertaining the identity of the "K" of "K. and Hesketh Prichard." K stands for Kate.

Mr. Walbridge also says, apropos of the place of residence of a certain English author of note, that "that seat should be as conducive to literary work as the place where Harry Graham's Reginald Biffin spent his youth"—

> the old-world village of Biddenhurst (footnote: Pronounced Bunkhurst) in Kent, of which the poet Brindle—the Pond Poet, as he was commonly called—has sung so eloquently in a well-known passage beginning:
>
> *Sleep-scented pergolas of hops*
> *And bull's-eyes in the village shops,*
> *And lollipops, and acid drops . . .*

The *Yale Review* will make public in the Autumn issue (the Summer issue is just out) the name of the recipient of the *Yale Review Award* of two thousand dollars for an article in the present volume of the magazine. The Award will again be offered for an article dealing with a Public Question in National or International Affairs and appearing in the next volume, which begins with the Autumn 1929 issue and ends with the 1930 Summer issue. There will be three judges of the contest. . . .

Frank Morley, the brother of our own Christopher, is a partner in the London publishing house of Faber & Faber, formerly Faber & Gwyer. Also a partner in this firm is a son of the poet, *Walter de la Mare*. Frank Morley has written a novel which will be published by Longmans, Green in London and by Harcourt on this side. It is a book of seafaring adventure, and no joanlowelling, and is entitled "East South East." . . .

In the fall, the Princeton University Press will bring out a facsimile reproduction of the first authoritative or 1729 edition of *Pope's* "Dunciad," with an introduction and critical notes and commentary by *Professor Robert Kilburn Root* of Princeton. The new bicentennial edition will be limited to 500 copies. . . .

In *Lloyd Lewis's* "Myths after Lincoln" the following anecdote appears:

> "How does your wife's family spell its name?" asked the reporter.
>
> "Oh, with two *d*s always," said Lincoln. "One *d* was enough for God but not enough for the Todds."

Rose O'Neill sailed awhile ago for her home in Capri, the famous Villa Narcissus, where she will begin a new novel to follow "Garda." . . .

When his publishers cabled *Stephen Vincent Benét* that he had won the Pulitzer Prize he replied laconically with one word, "Thanks." . . .

We're stealing all this from "The Galley," written by *The Galley Slave* of Doubleday, Doran, which is one of the sprightliest and the most original clipsheets we receive periodically. Honor where honor is due. *The Slave* also quotes from *William MacLeod Raine's* "Famous Sheriffs and Western Outlaws" about a drunken cowboy who, in the old days, got on a train at a way station in Kansas.

"I wantta—g-go to—t-hell," he hiccoughed. Bender did not hesitate an instant. (He was the conductor.) "Get off at Dodge. One dollar, please."

Fannie Hurst has a dog named "Lummox." It is a Pekingese and usually carried under her coat. But as she was boarding the train recently to return to Hollywood, the conductor said she couldn't take the dog into the train. "This isn't a dog," said Miss Hurst quickly. "This is a mammal." "Well, all *right*—take him in, but he looks a damned lot like a dog to me," the conductor grumbled. . . .

We have been over to look over the Foundry, that magnificent old brick building at 110 River Street, formerly the machine shop of the Consolidated Iron Works, now the property of *Christopher Morley*, *Cleon Throckmorton*, and others, and being renovated for a clubhouse for the Hoboken Theatrical Company. It is a noble edifice, and the plans for its rehabilitation are dazzling. For one thing, the ground-floor space will be immediately leased to a well-known restaurateur. His restaurant will be open to the public. The members of the theatrical companies playing in the Old Rialto or Lyric Theatres automatically become members of the club at a purely nominal fee. The late *"Caliph" McLanahan*, of the Traymore in Atlantic City, took a vivid interest in the restoration of "The Foundry" and perfected many architectural drawings of his vision of a clubhouse adjoined by a studio apartment overlooking the river. The offices of the Hoboken Theatrical Company have already been moved into the old building. . . .

Charles Scribner's Sons will soon publish "Contract Bridge, by *Harold S. Vanderbilt*, an authority on Contract Bridge wherever the game is played and originator of the present system of Contract Bridge scoring and the Club Convention. The book is written for the player of average ability. It contains the complete laws of Contract Bridge as framed by the special committee on Contract Bridge, of the New York Whist Club, of which committee Mr. Vanderbilt was a member. . . .

The Harbor Press has issued "A Way Out," a one-act play by *Robert Frost*, his first published play, which appeared originally years ago in a short-lived periodical, *The Seven Arts*. In an introduction written expressly for the Harbor Press edition, Mr. Frost says: "I have always come as near the dramatic as I could this side of actually writing a play. Here for once I have written a play without (as I should like to believe) having gone very far from where I have spent my life." The Harbor Press is at 142 East 32nd Street. . . .

Alfred Noyes, the popular English poet, has written a humorous novel, "The Sun Cure," in which an extremely proper young ecclesiastic loses his actual clothes and also the swaddling clothes of his soul. It will be out in August through the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. . . .

And by the way, it is the same firm that is bringing out over here *Helen Beauclerk's* "The Love of the Foolish Angel," the first selection of the Book Society of England, of which Mr. *Hugh Walpole* is president. . . .

We are on the outlook for *Katharine Brush's* collection of short stories, "Night Club," which Minton, Balch & Company are soon to publish. Two of the stories in the book curiously anticipated actual occurrences prominent in the news. "Débutante" dealt with a society girl falling in love with a prize-fighter and was written months before Tunney's engagement was even rumored. "Fumble" dealt with the dire consequences to his character of a collegian who made a disastrous fumble on the gridiron in the last minute of play, and this story was written and published months before the famous fumble last fall, when the captain of a Western football team carried the ball the length of the field in the wrong direction. . . .

The most recent addition to the Lippincott One Hour Series is "An Hour of American Poetry" by *Charles Edward Russell*. . . .

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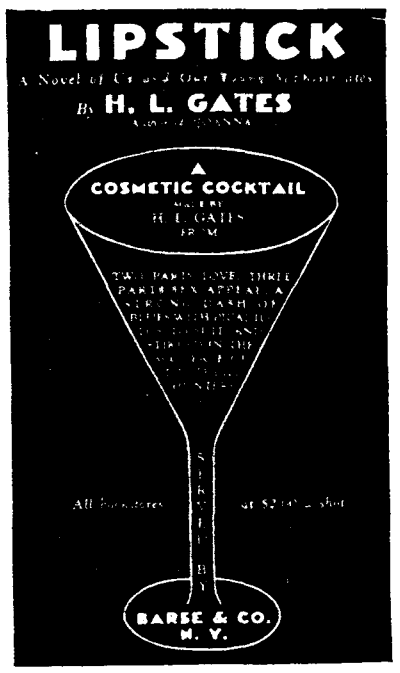

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

M. W. B., Harlan, Iowa, asks for a list of imaginative stories about life on other planets, like Wells's "War of the Worlds," and Disraeli's "War with the Moon."

THE last-named seems to me an unconscious telescoping of several ideas; André Maurois, author of "Disraeli" (Appleton), also wrote for the series of "To-day and To-morrom," scientific prophecies published by Dutton, an amusing satire called "The Next Chapter; or, War Against the Moon." I have read within the last few months a book by an English scientist describing in a like spirit the events of a far future in which the human race has deserted this earth and migrated to Venus, but my ideas on its title or authorship have not only telescoped but jammed completely. "The Man in the Moon"; or a discourse of a Voyage Thither by Domingo Gonsales," by Francis Godwin, Bishop of Hereford (1562-1633), when translated into French gave Cyrano de Bergerac the idea for his "Histoire Comique des États de la Lune," published in 1656, followed by a similar one for the sun in 1662. H. G. Wells wrote another romance of the solar system, "The First Men in the Moon." His "War of the Worlds" (Harpers) was parodied by C. L. Graves and E. V. Lucas in a pamphlet called "The War of the Wenuses." Jules Verne's "From the Earth to the Moon" and "Around the Moon" are published together in one volume with four colored illustrations in Scribner's dollar series of books for young people. This journey, it will be remembered by those who know their Verne, took just ninety-seven hours and twenty minutes, but if Herr Valier's rocket-ship now in process of development gets to going as he expects, this record may be broken any day now. "The Martian," by Du Maurier (Harpers), introduces a citizen of that planet, but does not take place there. Poe experimented with extraplanetary romance on more than one occasion. If reliable data should be needed tive real estate operations in these gions, the Smithsonian Institution ublished a statement by C. G. The Habitability of Venus, Mars, and Other Worlds," Percival Lowell's "Temperature of Mars" is a bulletin of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and W. H. Pickering's "Mars" is published by Badger. Even with actual ships being built for operation at altitudes increasingly tremendous, and plans being made, on paper at least, for machines suitable for interstellar navigation, there seem to be no recent novels whose scenes are laid elsewhere in space; the nearest to another world would be, I think, the report of how things were in this world twenty-seven million years ago that is furnished by the lady dug up in the backyard of the hero of Erle Cox's "Out of the Silence" (Henkle).

While we are on this subject of other worlds than ours, I hope someone in the audience will be able to locate for *O. E. W., Gambier, Ohio*, a book entitled either "The Invisible World" or something very near these words. It is a work of popular science, whose description he read in some review; I referred the matter to Science Service in Washington, but they have no record of such a publication, and I can find none of such a title. The inquirer has just written again: "You must have thought that I was a tricky Sophomore setting you to search for a book that was non-existent. But the other day I met a man who had the same fascinating title and had lost all trace of it—just as I. I was grateful for his testimony, enabling me to justify myself in your eyes—and in my own, for I feared I had dreamed it!" This book has to do with the wonders of the microscope.

R. T. B., New York City, asks why no one speaks up for to*mat*toes as well as for to*may*toes and to*mah*toes? To*mat*toes, dear sir, goes with a short white chin beard.

REPLIES are rapidly coming in from people who have catalogued or otherwise filed for reference the items of this department, as asked for in the reply to F. E. T. on May 11. According to J. H. Rhoades, General Manager of the New York Publishing Company, not only public libraries do so. He says:

"I am indebted to Miss Belle Walker of our organization for a suggestion which has already proven very valuable. That suggestion was, that your series of questions and answers in regard to books should be pasted in a large scrap book, which could be indexed and cross indexed in such a manner, as to make the material instantly available when needed. This work has been done for the last year and will, of course, be continued as long as you continue your column in the *Saturday Review*. The business of The New York Publishing Company is conducted entirely by mail, and our advertising brings inquiries from all over the world. Many of these inquiries are very similar to those which you receive. You can readily understand, therefore, why our scrap book is beginning to be a book of great value to us."

I WISH that libraries looking for beautifully illustrated books on art, by famous experts and illustrated in sumptuous style, would write to Harcourt, Brace for information about the publications of the Pantheon Series, which dazzle me not only by their looks, but by the fact that they really do cost less than one expects. Each has eighty large collotype plates, and some eighty pages of text in English; the one on French Gothic Sclupture, by Vitry and Aubert, and that on Florentine Painting by Toesca, for instance, are marvelous. There are also volumes on calligraphy, including a facsimile of the "Writing Book of Master Eustachio Celebrino of Udene, 1525." These are all within the budget of a public library supporting an art department—and such books! The two on French Gothic Sculpture, by Marcel Aubert and Paul Vitry, are nothing less than regal.

R. M., Olympia, Wash., having in mind a trip to Portugal, asks for books from which to glean information about places of historical and more particularly of legendary interest, and for a history of Portugal that will be of as much interest and value for this trip as Sedgwick's "Short History of Spain" was to him on a like trip of several months in Spain.

"THROUGH Spain and Portugal," by Ernest Peixotto (Scribner), is an artist's trip, beautifully illustrated. "In Spain and Portugal," by H. C. Anderson (Houghton Mifflin), and P. S. Marden's "A Wayfarer in Portugal" (Houghton Mifflin) are often used for this purpose, especially the latter; the series of "Wayfarer" books covers many countries at a comfortable speed, stopping to take in legends and history. The mine for practical information on routes and the like is Baedeker's "Spain and Portugal" (Scribner). The history is "Portugal, Old and Young," by G. Young (Oxford University Press); this is small enough for taking along. There is also a larger, picturesque history by E. B. D'Auvergne, "The Bride of Two Kings" (Appleton). I am glad to find Sedgwick's history put to this use; it is a traveler's delight, being not too large to carry.

It is a good thing I do a little traveling myself once in a while; routing trips like this from Tacoma to Portugal, a fair specimen of the journeys this department constantly documents, would be too much strain on a compulsory stay-at-home.

I HAD scarce sent out the call for instances of the Blood covenant in history, when I found one in fiction: in "Adios," a thrilling novel of outlaws in the California of the fifties, by the Bartletts (Morrow), the Spanish "Puma" signs himself with his own blood as brother to the American soldier.

THE Library Committee of the Institute of Pacific Relations, San Francisco, issues an excellent short list of books on China, to further an understanding of her position in the world today. It is printed on bright red paper with Chinese characters on the title page that mean, so they tell me, that all nations are united. This news seems to have been slow in getting to some of the nations. Single copies of the list at five cents, and for more than ten, three cents each, may be procured from the Institute of Pacific Relations, 1701 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco. There is an excellent new novel of three generations of Americans in China, Dorothy Graham's "The China Venture" (Stokes), from the days of the Salem merchants, like "Java Head," to the present through the days of the Boxer uprising. It is the result of special opportunities for setting this information. Will the *Beaufort, S. C. Library* please make note of it?

The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from page* 1133)

THE PILGRIMS' WAY IN SOUTH AFRICA. By DOROTHEA FAIRBRIDGE. Oxford University Press. 1929. $8.50.

Dorothea Fairbridge's records of South African travel are presented by her publisher in lavish gift-book style. There are thirty-two photogravures of camera nature-studies by Lancelot Ussher and seventy-two other plates which, with the colored frontispiece of a painting of Rex River Valley by Gwelo Goodman, total one hundred and five pages of illustration to one hundred and ninety of text. The journey—stretching from Cape Town to Victoria Falls and back again—is pursued under auspices of constant hospitality that smooths it rigors and does its share, no doubt, in inducing the prepossessions towards South Africa that so strongly mark the author's account of her trip. Every prospect pleases; and throughout the book is conveyed the idea that, whatever troubles the future may bring, South Africa of today basks in unclouded blessedness come of English guardianship.

The writer has an observing eye, and in following beaten tracks of South African travel what she mainly gathers is surface impressions that are set down with effective enthusiasm. Much space is given to describing the high-reputed beauties of South Africa, topography, and the flora of the country which, in the fertile districts, is rich in variety and full of botanic interest. Research into the past history of Cape Town enhances her well-drawn picture of it as it flourishes today under the shadow of Table Mountain's grandeurs. Although the volume makes little pretense to being more than an account of the attractions offered the traveller by South Africa, it contains enough historic and practical information to give it some reference value.

THE SCENIC WEST. By *William Myall*. Stratford. $3.

PARIS IS A WOMAN'S TOWN. By *Helen Josephy* and *Mary Margaret McBride*. Coward-McCann. $3.

WHERE PARIS DINES. By *Julian Street*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

BRITISH DOCUMENTS ON THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR. Edited by *G. P. Gooch* and *Harold Temperley*. Vol. IV. The Anglo-Russian Rapprochement. London: His Majesty's Stationery Office. New York: British Library of Information. $3.50.

WAR BUGS. By *Charles MacArthur*. Doubleday, Doran.

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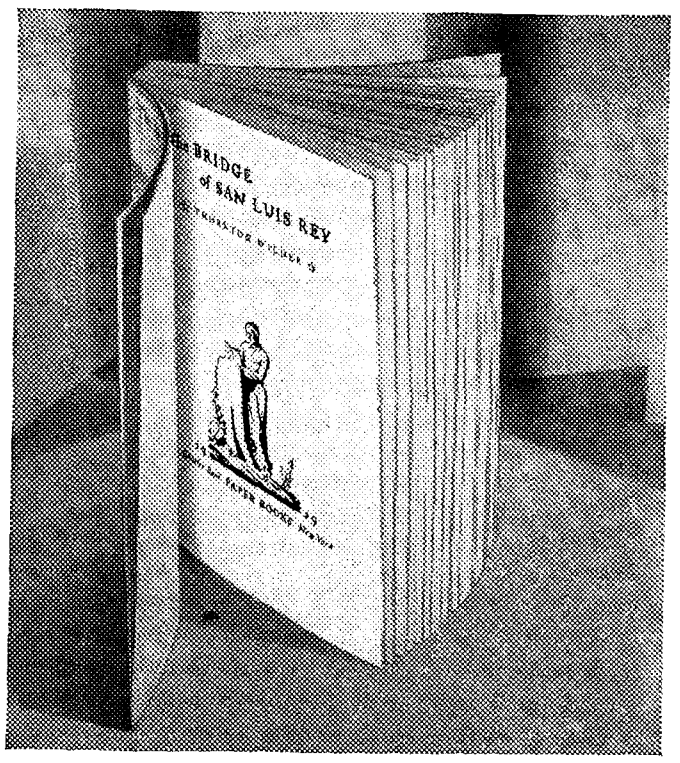

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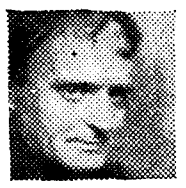

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